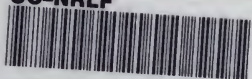
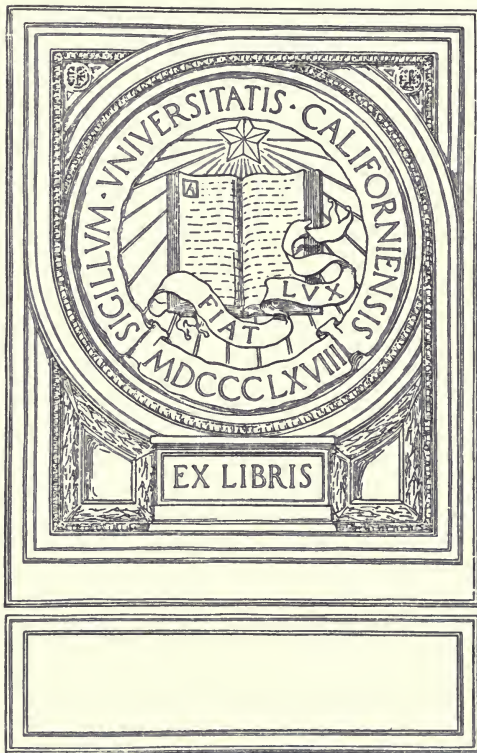


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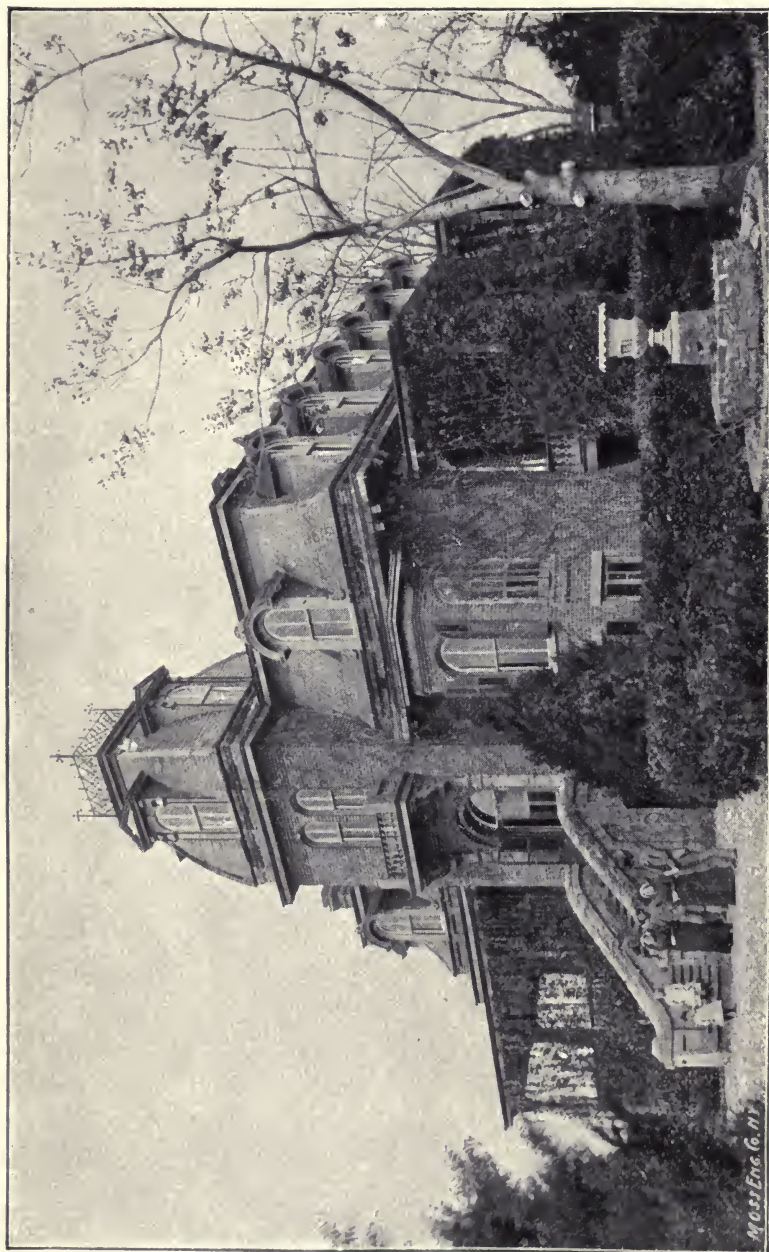


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Library of  
University of California.  
Berkeley.  
From Mr. B. F. Perry.  
Saco Point. Greenville.  
South Carolina.  
Aug 6, 1890.







Moss & Co. N.Y.

SANS-SOUCI.







Benjamin F. Perry

# LETTERS OF MY FATHER

TO

MY MOTHER,

BEGINNING WITH THOSE WRITTEN DURING THEIR ENGAGEMENT,

WITH

Extracts from His Journal,

GIVING DESCRIPTION OF HIS WIFE AND OF HIMSELF;

ALSO,

A PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATION OF HIMSELF MADE BY  
PROF. CRANE.

ARRANGED AND PUBLISHED BY

HEXT MCCALL PERRY, M. D.

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PRINTED PRIVATELY BY AVIL PRINTING COMPANY,  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

1889.



F274  
.P4A4

41921





Elizabeth F. Perry.

TO  
MY DEAR MOTHER

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE

FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF HER MARRIAGE TO

MY FATHER.

F274  
P4A4





Arthur M. Perry



## PREFACE.

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THE publication of this work (for private circulation only) has been suggested by reading the letters written by my father to my mother, beginning with those written during their engagement.

A great deal has been published relating to my father's public life, illustrating the exalted principles that governed him, and made him sacrifice self-interest and all his natural and honorable aspirations for fame, honor and distinction. Little did he then think that this self immolation for the good of his country would in after years give him more reputation than was acquired by his successful contemporaries. His unique position, standing alone endeavoring to prevent disunion which he knew would bring ruin and degradation upon South Carolina, has placed him upon a footing with, or perhaps higher than all of South Carolina's distinguished sons. He alone seemed to know the fatal results of secession, and though he would have died for his State he would not betray her. When the ruin did come, instead of exulting in the fulfilment of his prophecies, he took part with his State and did all he could to relieve her. As Provisional Governor he was able to do much. He lived to see his political course approved by a large majority, and died at peace with all mankind, honored and respected by all who knew him.

As in public, so was he in private life. His warm feelings were centred in his family; he loved his wife with a devotion never surpassed and which time only increased. This love his children also shared; a more devoted husband and father never lived.

The letters herein published prove my father's beautiful domestic character, and will be valued by his descendants, and considered a precious legacy for ages to come.

HEXT MCCALL PERRY, M. D.

*Philadelphia, Pa., April 27th, 1889.*

## AN HUMBLE TRIBUTE.

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### Reflections at the Grave of Ex-Governor B. F. Perry.

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Rest in the silent grave, noble, cherished friend,  
Thy honor, name and fame thy country will defend :  
All that is mortal here may perish and decay,  
But thy blest memory will never fade away.

"The world is better that he lived"—oh, how true !  
Generations unborn thy precepts will review :  
In naming her statesmen, all standing side by side,  
The old Palmetto State will lisp thy name with pride.

Though affection may cease her visits to thy tomb ;  
And this endearing spot become a scene of gloom ;  
These monuments of love may crumble to the ground,  
Still thy cherished name in story will be found.

While the fame of statesmen in history shall stand,  
Posterity hold dear the noble and the grand ;  
When South Carolina surveys her roll of fame,  
She will repeat with pride and emphasize thy name.

His noble heart was large as was his manly form ;  
His friendship was sincere, affection pure and warm ;  
He did not seek to gain the multitude's applause,  
When duty called him to advocate a cause.

Ready to give aid to all those who were in need ;  
And to all in trouble he was a friend indeed :  
He was ever candid, a stranger to deceit :  
Oh ! it was a pleasure so kind a soul to greet !

Yes, I have seen him weep ! tears would instinctive start,  
When pity's trembling tones vibrated through his heart :  
His love and affection was lasting and sincere ;  
And the sweet joys of Home filled his heart with cheer.

Oh ! I remember well, and cherish it with joy,  
When I was an orphan, an humble printer boy ;  
Often in his office, where duty bade me go,  
I recall his kindness near sixty years ago.

He loved his country, her honor and her name ;  
His time and his talents were given to her fame :  
Faithful to his duties, when wanted, always there :  
Well may the country ask—Who now can fill his chair ?

*June, 1889.*

—ROBT. MCKAY.

## ERRATA.

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- Page 13, for Millichamps, read Mellichamps,  
“ 13, 88, for Sims, read Simms.  
“ 14, for Mrs. Edding, read Mrs. Eddings.  
“ 16, 49, for Haynes, read Hayne's.  
“ 24, 41, 42, for Miss Sloane, read Sloan.  
“ 24, 26, for Pereneau, read Perroneau.  
“ 27, for P. B. Duncan, read R. B. Duncan.  
“ 32, for M., read Mr.  
“ 33, for Duffie, read McDuffie.  
“ 38, for Miss Susan, read Miss Sloan.  
“ 40, for Conova, read Canova.  
“ 42, for Merrick, read Maverick.  
“ 52, for Mrs. Towns, read Mrs. Jones.  
“ 57, for Bush, read Burt.  
“ 64, for W. Huger, read J. Huger.  
“ 66, for Col. Harper, read Col. Harlee.  
“ 69, 73, 123, for Judge O'Neil, read Judge O'Neill.  
“ 72, for Desaussau, read Desaussure.  
“ 77, for Findly, read Finley.  
“ 78, for Mr. Wardlau, read Mrs. Wardlau.  
“ 79, for Savage Heywood, read Savage Heyward.  
“ 80, 82, for Col. Dunton, read Col. Dunham.  
“ 83, for Toors, read Joors.  
“ 87, 93, 95, 101, 102, 109, for Aunt Benton, read Aunt Bruton.  
“ 88, for Judge Hayne, read Judge Huger.  
“ 90, for Ravenel, read Russel.  
“ 91, 92, 94, for Mr. Cunningham, read John Cunningham.  
“ 96, 104, for Col. Dovie, read Col. Davie.  
“ 99, for Governor Memminger, read Gov. Henigan.  
“ 99, for George Williamson, read George Williman.  
“ 99, for Huston, read Hutson.  
“ 100, 102, for Gadsen, read Gadsden.  
“ 102, for Cousin Martin, read Cousin Hutson.  
“ 104, for Col. Simonson, read Col. Simonton.  
“ 104, for Symons, read Simons.  
“ 112, 114, 122, 133, 135, 137, 138, for Anne, read Anna.  
“ 112, 130 for Mr. Mayront, read Mayrant.  
“ 114, for Blonding, read Blanding.  
“ 118, for Billing's, read Bolling's.  
“ 118, for Latimore, read Latimer.  
“ 122, for Rosser, read Roper.  
“ 130, for Dr. Hoke, read Col. Hoke.  
“ 133, for Dunton, read Dunham.  
“ 136, for Banard, read Barnard.  
“ 137, for McGowen, read McGowan.  
“ 139, for Maylin, read Maybin.  
“ 140, for Nonel's, read Nowel's.









*B. H. (Paw)*



LETTERS OF  
BENJAMIN F. PERRY

TO HIS WIFE

ELIZABETH MCCALL.

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GREENVILLE C. H., November 4th, 1836.

*My Dear Elizabeth* :—I returned from Laurens Court, two days sooner than I intended, for the purpose of writing to you, at Edgefield, by your cousin, Major Hayne—expecting that he would leave here on Thursday. I hope you will not be displeased, although you may receive this, my first letter to you, some few days sooner than you anticipated. Next to seeing you, being with you and catching the soft melody of your words as they fell from those hallowed lips, will be the pleasure of writing to and receiving letters from you. This is my only consolation during the six ensuing long, very long weeks.

I have often, my dearest, parted with intimate bosom friends, near and dear relations, but I never felt the deep anguish of a separation until I parted with you on the banks of the Saluda—for I never before had bid “farewell” to one whom I loved so fondly, so passionately, and in whose existence were centred all my hopes of pleasure and happiness in this world. That sadness of heart which my last lingering look at you inspired, as you departed from me, still casts a thick dark gloom over my feelings. Neither the pleasures of society nor the fatigues of business have been able to dissipate my melancholy. But when I recollect the words which you whispered me as we were crossing the river, I feel cheered, and my

spirits for the moment seem to revive. Methinks I can almost hear, even now, that low, soft, sweet tone in which they were uttered—"Doubt me not." "The proof you require I will give you the next time we meet." No, my darling, I will not, I cannot "doubt" you—and oh that "proof?" How eager will I claim it "when we meet again." It ought to have been given when we parted, and that little heart of yours told you it was unkind to refuse. But I forgive you the damages and will claim the proof in December, the debt and interest.

Strange as it may at first appear, Greenville though dreary and lonely, has peculiar charms for me at this time, and I scarcely ever returned to the village with more eagerness than I did the other day. Almost every thing I see in this place reminds me of you; the houses, river, churches, and even streets, have their pleasing associations. It was in the drawing room of the Mansion House that I first made your acquaintance—the very spot where you stood is now in my mind's eye. How many pleasant evenings have we spent there! It was in that room I first heard your guitar and the still sweeter music of your song. When I see the steeple of our church, rising, as it were, amidst the forest trees, I am reminded that it was in returning from that sacred Temple of the ever-living God that I first told my love. I may almost say that I imbibed from the sermon which I that morning heard, courage enough to make the confession. But no place fills my heart with more delightful emotions than the "[Reedy Falls." It was on that high cliff, of a lovely moonlight night, that I first felt that I loved you. It was, as you may remember, the evening of my introduction to you. We stood face to face on the rock, listening to the music of the guitar mingling its soft sounds with the dashing waters beneath. I gazed at your features, and traced in their soft, lovely expression the sweetness and innocence of your soul. I thought to myself that there never was a human face which bore so close a resemblance to an angel from Heaven. From that moment I felt that I loved you, and I determined to humble my proud heart at your feet.

But there is too much of this matter to speak of it in a letter. I have already told you and confessed to you every thing connected with my affections for you. I must wait until I see you before I repeat them. I shall send you by Major Hayne a handsome gold watch, which I beg of you to wear with the chain I presented you in Greenville. I am sure you will value the gift more on account of the giver than for its own intrinsic value. Wear it for my sake. The lock of hair and the chain you gave me shall never be separated from my person.

I have much, very much to write you, but have not room without troubling you with another sheet of paper. Do write to me, my dear



Lizzy, the day after you receive this letter. You cannot imagine the impatience and anxiety with which I shall expect an answer. I beseech you by the love you bear me to write immediately.

Give my love to your mother and sisters. I will see you on the twenty-third of December—"when we meet again," remember. Farewell, dearest, sweet lovely girl, farewell.

Your sincere lover,

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., November 6th, 1836.

*My Dear Lizzy:*—I am afraid you will find me a troublesome correspondent. I may write you too frequently. If so, I can only plead in extenuation the ardor of my affections. Writing to you is the only pleasure now within my reach, and I will not forego it until reproved by you. I wrote you, two or three days since, a letter enveloped to your mother, addressed to the care of Mrs. Simpkins, which I hope you have received. If there had been time for you to have written me an answer, I should accuse you of coldness and negligence. But, as it is, I am cheering myself with the hope of receiving a letter from you in due time. You must not disappoint me. The impatience of a lover is, as you know, proverbial.

I say it to you, my dear Lizzy, in the honest frankness and sincerity of my heart, which I am sure you will not doubt, that scarcely fifteen minutes have passed by since we parted in which you were not present in my thoughts. Even in sleep the pleasing semblance of you recurs to my dreams, giving them an interest and a charm which my present waking moments cannot afford. But oh, how imbittering when the delusion has passed away, and I find "'tis all a dream."

You will perceive from this and my first letter that in addressing you I have adopted the familiar abbreviation of your name, which your mother seemed to think sounded sweeter and softer than Elizabeth. I think so, too, when it is not preceded by the formal "Miss." In my correspondence with you that formal word must be thrown aside. But when it is used the abbreviation does not sound well. I have said this much in explanation, because I recollect you requested me not to change my manner of addressing you—as I did not first call you "Lizzy" you did not desire me to do so now. You do not know, nor can you imagine the anxiety with which I look forward to the time when I may most appropriately use this dear familiar term of addressing you. I regret deeply

and sorrowfully that the time is so distant. It ought to have been, it ought yet to be, sooner than was first suggested by your mother. I yielded everything to her because I was afraid to make any objection.

But we shall meet in December, when all these matters are to be arranged. In the ardor and warmth of my feelings I have regarded them made. There may yet be some formality to be complied with in regard to our engagement. But my heart, my love, the burning passion of my soul tells me that in the eyes of Heaven we are engaged in thought, feeling and affection; and sooner, much sooner would I have the thread of my life severed than for our engagement to be in the least weakened or impaired. My dreams of bliss in the future are bright, and all to be realized under that engagement. I have felt, from our first acquaintance, a consciousness that we were intended for each other's happiness. I never before saw any one whom I thought so well calculated to make me happy. I never before saw one for whose happiness I was so willing and so ready to make any and every sacrifice.

You must not, my dear love, accuse me of romantic or extravagant notions. I have not, at any period of my life, been given to romance or extravagance. I never have, from my infancy, indulged in visions and delusions. On the contrary, I have always correctly anticipated the future. Misfortunes and difficulties never came upon me unawares. It has been my fate to have dangers and misfortunes thicken around me. But although I could not prevent them, I have always foreseen and been prepared to meet them. That presentiment which never deserts me now assures me of a bright, blissful future.

I must conclude my letter. To-day is the Sabbath. I recollected this morning that I promised you to write my first letter to you this day. I have my second. I have done so instead of going to church. Have you kept your promises with me? Do you look upon the setting sun so that our eyes may once every day rest on the same object? Farewell—may the mercies of Heaven rest upon you—farewell, my darling.

Your lover,

B. F. PERRY.

GREENVILLE C. H., November 12th, 1836.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I had the gratification, last night, of receiving a letter from Major Hayne, which informed me that you were well and would leave Edgefield that day for Charleston. It gave me great pleasure to hear from you, and especially that you were in health, and under no apprehension of cholera on returning to town. But how much more gratifying would it have been to have received a letter from you yourself, written by your own hand and dictated by your own heart ! I find, however, that my feelings are very much inclined to plead in extenuation of your silence that it was not convenient for you to write, or, that you had not time to do so after the reception of my letter. That love which I bear you assures me that you are incapable of an intentional wrong, or an act of cold negligence towards me.

The letter, which was inclosed to me, from your mother, addressed to Mr. William Hayne, I have forwarded to him in an envelope to Colonel Cunningham. I have no doubt it will reach him before he leaves Laurens. Indeed, I should not be surprised if he were to spend the Winter at Rosemont: His prospect of success must be flattering, and if so, what charms have the fascinations of a city for him, a young man in love, and enjoying the society of her whom he loves ? None, none, I would not, for myself, exchange one hour spent in your company, seated by you as I was the day we parted, two weeks since, for an existence of years amidst the vain show, pomp and hollowness of fashionable life. Oh ! Lizzy, you do not know how often that ride occurs to my imagination ! You do not know how often I think of all and every word that passed between us, those two days, the happiest of my life ! And the only thing which mars the pleasure their remembrance brings to my mind is that they were the last days we spent together.

I shall start on the 24th inst. for Columbia, and it will even afford me some pleasure to know that I am on the road to see you, although I have to make an unwilling stay of three or four weeks in Columbia. Heretofore the time I spent every Fall in Columbia was full of interest and pleasure to me, and until I saw you I had anticipated a more pleasant visit to the Legislature and the Court of Appeals than usual. If I should neglect the interests of my constituents, or the business of my clients this Winter, you must bear the blame, as you will be the innocent cause of it.

I saw your friend, Mr. Edward Croft, this morning, who inquired about you and your mother. Mr. Croft has pretty nearly recovered from that terrible accident which his gallantry brought upon him. Mrs. Croft is quite well. They will start to Charleston in a week or ten days. Our special friends, the old maids of the Mansion House, are still here, and I



have been thinking what great sin I have committed that Providence should thus punish me alone with the company of such people. I have the consolation of understanding that they will not return to Greenville next Summer.

In an excursion which I made into the country yesterday I passed immediately by the basis of Paris Mountain and saw where we ascended the mountain together, and I travelled over the same road over which we passed in going to the mountain. I looked at the Bald Rock with more interest than it ever inspired me before.

This is the third letter I have written you. I hope to hear from you to-morrow evening. I trust you do not think my letters unworthy of an answer. They are badly written, I know, and whilst writing I am frequently interrupted by unwelcome visitors. You must excuse me. I am an awkward hand in writing love letters. It is what I have heretofore had very little practice in, I assure you. But if I continue as I have commenced I shall soon have a great deal of experience.

Good-night, my dearest. After drawing a long answer in equity this evening, I have stolen an hour from sleep to write you—God bless you—farewell.

Ever yours,

B. F. PERRY.

---

GREENVILLE C. H., November 20th, 1836.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I had the pleasure of receiving your first letter to me the other evening, and I am unable to express the gratification which it afforded me. I have read it over a dozen times, and should you not write me again very shortly, there will be great danger of my wearing it literally out in reading it over. No sooner had my eye caught the superscription, among many other letters, which were handed me at the same time, than my heart felt assured of the correspondent. I kissed the seal with fervent lips, when I saw it was a wafer and fondly imagined it had been pressed by yours.

My dear Lizzy, I thank you kindly for the letter. It came in time to soothe my eager anxiety, and I receive it as another assurance of your love. You need not apologize to me for the style of your letters. I shall always read them as a lover and not as a critic, and I hope you will receive mine with the same feeling. Love letters should never be criticised, for they flow as it were from the heart and are always written without regard to rule or style. Nor are they ever criticised by the parties inter-

ested, and others have no business with them. If it were requisite for either of us to apologize for our correspondence, I ought to do so and not you. Ladies have always excelled in epistolary writing, and "novice" as you may be, in the "kind of letter" you so coyly mention, your "style" and "penmanship" are above criticism when I alone am to be the judge. However, the letter you sent me had one fault, and that is a very serious one—it was too short. I hope I am not to judge of the extent of your feelings by the length of your letter. If so, and we are both to be judged by the same rule, my love must be thrice as great as yours—yes, three times three, for I write you letters three times as long as yours, and send you three for one!

You seem to think that I have the advantage of you in this "kind" of letter writing, for you "can scarcely believe that" I "have not before written on the subject of love." Do you, my dear Lizzy, think it strange that a heart which has hitherto been callous to love, should have fallen a victim at the shrine of your beauty, your loveliness, and the amiable and bewitching charms and accomplishments of your heart and mind? If you were as conscious of your own power and influence as I am, you would not think so. Never before did I see one in whose manners, person, mind and accomplishments I could find no fault. I had seen others whom I admired for some particular trait in their character, but I always imagined there was some deficiency, some want of that perfection which my heart so fondly and so confidently gives to you. I may almost say, my darling, that I am a novice in love as well as in love letters. In my youth, when a boy, I preferred books to company. This preference I cherished, and as I grew up I became almost wedded to my studies and profession. It has taken you and you alone to break this spell.

But you must not suppose from this that I possess a cold or unfeeling heart. I am sure I have given you too many evidences to the contrary. No, Lizzy, if there be a fault in my nature—and I know I have many—it is that I am too sensitive, too ardent and too impetuous in my feelings and disposition. I have frequently thought that I was the creature of feeling alone. I am certain that I have often been rendered unnecessarily unhappy through excess of feeling. And I am sure that if I have a settled unkind feeling towards any human being I know it not.

To-day, you may recollect my telling you would be my birthday. Yours you would not disclose to me, but promised to write me on its next anniversary. I wish it were to-morrow so that I might receive your letter in three or four days. You must not forget your promise. I have done more than I promised, and even more than you asked! It is true I

am to-day thirty-one and unfortunately there is no merit in the confession, for the fact was known to you before.

I have written you to-day because I could no longer postpone answering your letter. But it is a most miserable day. The rain has been falling incessantly for twenty-four hours and the weather cold. There is nothing in the prospect out of doors to inspire love or give encouragement to such feelings. But notwithstanding all this, I have written a good deal about it and felt far more than I have written.

I hope, my sweet Lizzy, that you will write me as soon as I reach Columbia, and in the mean time I expect to receive a letter from you before I start, in answer to my third one to you.

Give my love to your mother, and remember me to Miss Susan and Miss Anne—and believe me to be in love and affection unalterably yours,  
B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., November 27th, 1836.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I arrived here on Friday evening, and I now have the gratification of knowing that I am only one day's journey from you—but it grieves me to think that, although so near, several weeks must necessarily pass by before I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, and claiming from you that "proof" which you promised me "when we meet again." I most earnestly hope, however, that our session will be a short one, and as soon as it is over we shall meet again. And oh! how fondly could I wish that we were going to meet to part no more. It ought to be so. It would fill my heart with joy inexpressible to think it might even yet be so. Why should it not be? Where is the necessity of postponing these matters so long? Why should bliss be deferred for the anguish of another separation? But I fear that I reason in vain, and that all my appeals will be heeded not.

I did hope, my darling, to have received a letter from you, on my arrival in this place, but I have been disappointed. If you only knew my anxiety to hear from you again, and were to think of the pleasure your letters afford me, I am sure you would have written me. I know that a letter from you would have given me better spirits than I have had since my arrival in Columbia, it would have kept me in a better and more pleasant mood than I have been in, annoyed as I am by a horde of solicitous candidates for various petty offices within the gift of the Legislature. Their applications are generally worrying enough in all conscience, but



nevertheless they are sometimes quite amusing. One is a poor man who has had his barn, stable or kitchen burnt, or he has lost a horse, or perchance he is too lazy to work, or some other similar dire misfortune has befallen him, and he wishes to be elected tax collector of a certain parish or district. Another is an old man, and it is his misfortune to be a little pressed with "hard times," and he thinks that he is as much entitled to an office as any one, and knowing that some one has to be elected, he has thought proper to present his claim. There is a third, perhaps a young man who wishes to bring himself into notice in some way, and having hitherto been unfortunate in all of his efforts to do so, he is desirous of being elected Clerk of the House of Representatives.

But I have almost forgotten what "kind of letter" I am writing. You can feel no interest in such matters, however annoying they may be to me, and I knew my descriptions of such things can amuse you but little. I believe you profess to be a "novice" in politics as well as in something else which you alluded to in your letter—though I discovered from your conversations on our way from Greenville to the Saluda, that you knew more of party politics than you had previously acknowledged. Ladies always affect to know nothing about politics and say that they take no interest in such matters. But I have often found that they knew a good deal, and that they felt a deep interest in the daily occurrences of the times. I recollect that during the high and bitter political excitement which has just past over, some of my fiercest opponents and staunchest friends were of your sex. I do not know, however, that any of them went so far either for me or against me, as a beautiful English countess did for Charles Fox in his Middlesex election. It is said of a noble lady of distinguished beauty, on that occasion, that she went in person to the meetings to electioneer for Fox, and that when all other means of bribery failed, she gained one vote from a country rustic by giving him a kiss for his vote. He told her this was the only condition on which he could change his vote, and rather than lose the vote she gave the kiss.

I have just been glancing over Sims' last novel "Millichamps," I am sorry that your townsman and a member of my party should be losing ground as a novel writer. The story is quite ordinary, and everything about the work is equally so. I have thrown it aside to write to you, and I am sure there is no comparison between the pleasure I take in writing to you, and the interest which "Millichamps" afforded me. How eagerly I look forward to that day, when we may read together and to one another the new novels and literary works as they make their appearance. Before I left Greenville, I saw marked out the foundation of my house, and before the first of May the building is to be completed. I have greatly enlarged

the original plan which I mentioned to you. This I did for appearance as well as convenience. It shall be the very picture of a beautiful house. The roof shall, however, be painted green in obedience to the injunction of Mrs. Edding, made to you as well as to me.

Do, my dear Lizzy, write me immediately. My love for you is ever pleading some excuse for your silence, but I am afraid it can no longer invent excuses for you. It may not be in my power to write you again for some time.

Remember me kindly to your sister, and believe me to be your sincere and devoted lover.

B. F. PERRY.

---

COLUMBIA, December 4th, 1836.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the reception of another letter from you. I received it on Thursday last, and had for several days been most anxiously expecting it. I am very sorry that the weather was so cold as to prevent your writing a longer letter. But how much gratified was I, my darling, to know that although your hands were cold, your heart was not. If your letter had contained nothing but this single expression, it would still have been to me above all value and all price.

You say that after you have practiced letter writing more, you know that you will like it. I hope then that you will practice and write me every day. I am sure that it will always give a thousand times more pleasure to receive your letters than it can ever afford you to write them. You must not feel under any restraint in writing to me, as you can write with more ease to me than to anyone else. I think you ought to be under less restraint in communicating your feelings and sentiments to me than to any other person. You should write to me and talk to me as you would to yourself. It does not require, dearest love, any "effort" on your part to appear to advantage in my estimation. To me you are everything that I could wish or desire. No "effort" of yours can make you dearer to me, or more lovely in my sight. And you must write to me as if your letters were never to be seen by any one else than yourself. But whether you make an "effort" or not, you never can "fail" to appear to "advantage" before me.

You intimate in your letter that I ought not to expect you to write me every day, and that when you do not write I ought to take it for



granted "that everything remains in the same state as when we parted." No, Lizzy, you ought to write to me every day—and I hope it will be as you suppose—the more you practice writing the better you will like it.

I believe that three of my last letters to you have been written on Sunday, and I begin to fear you will think that I never go to church. But even if I did not, and were always to spend the day in writing to you, I am certain it would always be well spent, innocently spent and lovingly spent. I have, however, been to church to-day. I went to the Episcopal Church with our mutual friend Laurens Toomer. Miss Simkins was in church, and as she passed by us to her carriage, Mr. Toomer bowed and she returned the salutation. But that was all that passed between them.

To-morrow is commencement in College. The members of the Legislature have accepted an invitation to attend it. I will see there all the beauty and fashion of Columbia and its visitors, but they will be seen without exciting any interest with me. It seems that I have less inclination for society than I ever had. You are to me the world, and its society without you is dull and insipid. I was invited to a wedding party the other night at Mr. Stark's, but did not attend. The gaiety of Columbia is just commencing. How heartily I wish it was over, and with it the adjournment of the Legislature, so that I might be with you.

In consequence of having to attend on committees of nights, I have caught a severe cold and am rather indisposed. Tuesday next we are to take up a report of the Judiciary Committee on the subject of Texas, and I suppose will have some discussion. It may be, if I am well enough, that I will join in the discussion.

I have written you in great haste, and I know that if I did not write to-day I should not have time to do so for several days. Give my love to your mother and sisters. You say it is reported throughout Charleston that you are engaged, but that you have not thrown any light on the subject. I suppose my visit to town may.

Your lover,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, December 12th, 1836.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I write you this evening in a great hurry and have but very little to communicate except that I have engaged my passage to Charleston on the 21st inst., and shall certainly see you on Friday morning the 23d inst. I shall leave here whether the Legislature adjourns or not. If I am not mistaken I wrote you some time since that I would see you on the 23d of December, and you perceive that I am disposed to be very punctual.

I had the pleasure of seeing your uncle General Hayne the other day and again this morning, and I wished to make some inquiries about you and your mother and family, but I felt rather too timid to do so. Nor did I know whether he had ever heard any thing as to the relation in which we stand towards each other.

I received Mr. W. C. Hayne's letter the other day. He wrote me that he was in good health and good spirits, and I suppose had met with good success.

This day our new Governor was inaugurated, and made his speech amidst a crowded House and encircled by a gallery of beauty and fashion. And by the by, I must inform you that I have made two or three speeches to the House whilst the galleries were filled with ladies, and I saw one with a quizzing glass looking at me very earnestly, more than once. I do not know who she was and did not inquire, so little do I care for the smiles of any one but yourself. To-morrow we have a "great debate" on a Bill introduced by myself to blend the Courts of Law and Equity. Mr. Pettigru has moved that the Bill be referred to the Committee of the whole House, and a motion of this character generally draws a crowded gallery. I shall be opposed in debate by Mr. Pettigru and the Charleston Bar. It will be pretty much a contest between the lawyers in the upper and lower county.

There was a proposition before the House to-day to remove the seat of government to Charleston. I thought how happy I should be if it were there now and I could see you looking down from the gallery on me? The motion produced some discussion in which I took a part.

I declined an invitation to a dinner party at Colonel McCord's on yesterday for the purpose of writing to you, expecting that I should then have leisure. But I was disappointed, and company prevented me altogether from writing. To-night, after being all day in the Legislature, I have had to attend a Committee, and have not long since returned. I mention these things by way of excuse for this hastily written letter. Though I have not a moment's leisure yet I write you every week.

Tell your mother that I will certainly not make any purchase for her in Greenville till I see her. But I hope she is not less inclined towards Greenville than she was in the fall.

Accept my prayers and wishes for you, and believe me your sincere and devoted lover—and always remember me to your mother, Miss Susan and Miss Anne.

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, December 15th, 1836.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I received your letter this morning on my way to the State House and was very much distressed to hear of your indisposition. Your mother writes me that you have a very bad cold, and are confined to your room, but that I need not be under any apprehensions. I hope you have recovered before this time, and that the very pleasant change we have had in the weather may have a salutary influence on your illness. It is now ten o'clock in the night, and this is the first leisure moment I have had since I received your letter. I now write you merely to beg that you will let me know if you become seriously indisposed and I will leave everything here and fly to you. I shall be exceedingly anxious to hear from you again, and I hope you will write me immediately. Although I am assured that you are not seriously ill, yet it gives me great pain to hear that you are uncomfortable and distressed (as I know you must be from your own and your mother's letter) with a violent cold. I have one myself, and had when I wrote you last, but am much better.

I shall be in Charleston on the night of the 22d if no accident happens to the stage and railroad cars. The Legislature will adjourn on the 21st. The greater part of my business in the Court of Appeals will have to remain untouched. Nothing but some unforeseen accident will prevent me being at Stewart's Hotel on Thursday night. If I should hear of your increased illness I will be there sooner. And I entreat your mother to write me if such should be the case. You cannot imagine my anxiety and impatience as the Session draws to a close. Whilst discussions are going on in the House, and even whilst I am actually engaged in speaking, I am often thinking of you and counting as it were the hours that must pass away before I shall have the pleasure of seeing you.

We have had quite a pleasant session and some interesting debates, in which I have, for the last four or five days, taken an active part. In



the proposed alteration of the Judiciary I maintained quite a prominent stand although defeated in the measures I advocated. To-day we had an animated discussion on the propriety of giving the election of Tax Collectors to the people, in which I was successful and had the pleasure of hearing some of the members say that it was owing to my speech that the proposed change was successful.

But I am forgetting that I am writing any thing else than a political letter. You once promised me, however, that you would always hereafter take an interest in the Union Party whenever anything was said in which they were concerned. And I hope therefore you will feel some interest in my first effort in legislation. We are visited every day by ladies, and oh ! how delightful it would be if you were here to be one of the number.

Give my love to your mother and say to her that I am very much obliged to her for the letter she wrote me and which I received this morning. I would have written to her in reply but it gives me more pleasure to write to you, and I can write to you with more ease and facility.

In haste. Good-night. God bless you, may you soon recover, is my sincere prayer.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, December 18th, 1836.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I received your letter this morning and was happy to hear that you had almost recovered from your indisposition. I have not only been “uneasy” since I received your mother’s letter, informing me of your illness, but I have been greatly distressed. It made me very unhappy to know that you were in any way indisposed, but I was fearful that your cold might be worse than your mother anticipated. Slight-colds are very often the cause of serious illness.

I most heartily unite with you, my dear Lizzy, in the hope that you will be well enough to give me a welcome on Thursday evening. Your kind request that I will see you the same evening I arrive in Charleston cannot be refused by me if it is possible for me to do so. I agree with you in thinking the evening more pleasant and more sociable for a meeting after an absence than the morning. But I was afraid that the lateness of the hour of my arrival in town, together with the fatigue of travelling all night without sleep would prevent my calling on Thursday night. You seem to think, however, that I will reach Charleston in time to make

my "toilet" and call round. It will not take me long to arrange my toilet, as you know I am no dandy or drawing-room knight. The pleasure of seeing you and meeting you again is too great to be postponed seventeen or eighteen hours if it is possible to avoid it.

But my dear love, there is one request I have to make—let no one be present but the family. It would destroy very much the pleasure of the evening's conversation if there should be any company. I shall expect to see no one but you, your mother, Miss Susan and Miss Anne. And if it be possible I will see you the same evening of my arrival. I will not disappoint you. The request you make gives me great pleasure. You cannot imagine my anxiety and impatience to see you and be with you as the time approaches. The ensuing three or four days will appear long, very long. Mr. Ripley, a member of the Legislature from Charleston, hearing that I was going to town after the adjournment of the session, came to me the other morning and proposed that I should take a seat with him and Colonel Memminger in a coach, which will leave on Thursday morning and go to Orangeburgh that night, and the next day to Charleston, and by this means avoid travelling in the night. I thanked him and replied that I had rather reach Charleston one day sooner and travel all night.

I must beg you to excuse the shortness of this letter as it is late in the night, I have very little leisure time to spare you. We breakfast at eight, meet on committees at nine, and go into the Legislature at ten o'clock and sit till four in the afternoon; adjourn for dinner and return at six, and sit until ten o'clock at night. This has been almost every day's labor for a week past, and during the day we are engaged in warm discussion. Saturday evening a spirited debate arose on closing the land office. The measure was advocated with great zeal and ability by Mr. Pettigru and Col. Memminger, and opposed by me alone. The ayes and nays were called, and I gained the victory by seven votes and defeated their bill. I was proud of the success, having contended alone against such great odds. But I was defeated the other day by Mr. Pettigru and Col. Memminger in my favorite scheme of blending the Courts of Law and Equity, and this, I assure you, grieved me much.

I must now bid you good night. It will not be long before I can bid you good-night more affectionately. Oh, my darling, how exquisite will be the pleasure of reminding you of the promise you made me when we parted. Oh, the pleasure of meeting you on Thursday evening, that cordial grasp of your hand, that affectionate "proof," you remember. Farewell. Remember me to the family. God bless you.

Yours affectionately, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, January 4th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I have scarcely time to comply with the promise I made you on Monday evening. I arrived here this morning about eight o'clock after a most unpleasant and uncomfortable ride, attended with various accidents and delays both by car and coach. The car did not leave Charleston on Tuesday morning till near ten o'clock in consequence of the excessive cold weather. I rose at four in the morning, dressed, and by great good luck succeeded in rousing from his slumbers the watchmaker to whom I had entrusted my watch, and was fearful of having to leave it. I was at the Depository at seven, had to remain there and breakfast on cheese and crackers with a cup of coffee, none of the best. Instead of reaching the place at one o'clock this morning, we did not arrive till eight. The night was very cold, and when it began to grow dark, I contrasted my situation then with what it had been for eight or ten evenings previously, when I was seated in your drawing-room before a cheerful fire enjoying the pleasure of a conversation with you, your mother and sisters. I assure you, my dear Lizzy, the contrast added nothing to my bodily comfort and mental happiness. I have scarcely enjoyed four hours sleep since I left you, and this morning have been busily engaged ever since I arrived. You must, therefore, make all proper allowances for this confused and hurried letter.

I have found a much greater crowd in Columbia than when I left for Charleston. But oh the change from gentlemen to black legs, jockeys and cut-throats. I do not think I ever witnessed a more villainous, dissipated looking set of men in my life than I now find at this hotel. It is race week, and the gamblers from every part of the world seem to be in attendance. At this hour, twelve o'clock, they have all gone to the race course, and the house is quiet. I have seen carriages with ladies going also, but am rather inclined to think the fair ones will find the weather uncomfortably cold. I am sure if they had been riding in the stage coach all night last night as I was, they would do as I am going to do, not go to the race course at all.

I find that all my friends and acquaintances here were disposed to congratulate me, or make some sly allusion to my wedding. I suppose they will now take it for granted that I have received a touch of the prunella, as I have returned from town without being married. How these things can spread so far and wide is to me passing strange. But I find that rumor is always in advance of truth. When I get to Greenville, if the news strengthens as rapidly as it has commenced, I may almost expect to see my marriage announced in the papers. But never mind, we will make true in April what is now nothing more than busy rumor.



I shall leave here in the morning for Greenville, having arranged all my business satisfactorily, and shall expect to receive a letter from you on next Tuesday night. In fact, I write this letter only for the answer which I expect from you on Tuesday next. When I have more leisure and am in better spirits I will write you a longer letter and talk over again various matters. I wish you to write me all the news of the city, and everything which may occur to you relative to my return in April. It is a long time to pass away before we are to see each other again—four months, or nearly that length of time. So we must improve the time by writing every week. I will write you every week and shall expect you to do the same. And every evening will remind me of those delightful evenings I passed in your society. The remembrance of them will dwell with me ever, to cheer and encourage me in life. By-the-by, the kisses you gave me on parting I have been eating ever since, but they are not as sweet as some you can give.

Farewell, remember me, love me and wear the ring I gave you constantly. Give my love to your mother and sisters, and believe me ever yours,

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., January 10th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I have been very much disappointed this evening in not receiving a letter from you. I wrote you a very hurried letter in Columbia, which I hope you received in due time, and which you promised me to answer immediately. If you had written on Friday, and there was no delay in the mail, I should certainly have had the pleasure of hearing from you this evening. But fearing that you may not have received my letter from Columbia, I have concluded to write you again, and at the same time, remind you that your promise was, to answer separately all of my letters. I shall therefore hold you now indebted to me in two letters, full three pages each.

There is great pleasure, my dear Lizzy, in finding oneself at home again, after an absence of two months, seated in his arm chair, before a cheerful, comfortable fire, surrounded by his books and papers. This is my situation at present, and if I had you sitting with me I should be perfectly happy. Chancellor Kent has said that his books have given him more pleasure than anything else, save his family. Until I saw you I could most heartily have responded to this expression without any reser-

vation whatever. But if I were now required to refer to the happiest days of my life I should mention those which I so recently spent with you in Charleston. Long, long will my memory recur to them as days of unalloyed bliss. You cannot imagine, my darling, how often they are recalled to my mind—how often I imagine myself seated with you on the sofa—how distinctly I see you, your mother, Miss Susan and Miss Anne, “in my minds’ eye.” And how fondly do I wish myself back again in your drawing room to spend another evening! When these thoughts and wishes come across my mind, I assure you my books lose a great deal of their interest.

On my return home I found it reported far and wide that I had gone to Charleston to be married. And so much confidence was there placed in the rumor that a friend of mine, in an adjacent district, actually wrote me a letter of congratulation on my recusancy to “single blessedness!” Surely this is serving me a little worse than Miss Gratia Bay did you, on her arrival in Charleston last Fall.

Tell your mother that I sent her letters and packages to Mrs. Thompson, but have not yet had an opportunity of seeing her myself. The morning after my arrival here, Judge Butler called at my office on his way to Edgefield, and informed me that he would be in Charleston in the course of a week or two. He made some jesting allusions to my visit to town and wished to know what he should say for me when he saw you all. He also inquired after all of his friends in Charleston.

On my return home I was disappointed to find that little or no progress had been made in building my house—the excuse is the coldness of the weather. I am assured, however, by the contractor, that the house shall be rapidly built in the Spring or as soon as the Winter will permit the laying of brick, plastering and so forth.

You may tell Mrs. Croft that rather a singular incident happened the day after my arrival here. Doctor Crittenden’s boy, Jordan, who waited on me several years and has been ever since very much attached to me, hearing that I had returned, came to make me a New Year’s present of a beautiful little penknife, which he had found near the Baptist Church. On looking at the knife I discovered the initials “S. E. B.” handsomely engraved on the handle. I could not for some time conjecture whose initials these letters were. At length I concluded they might be Mrs. Croft’s before marriage. Has she an E. in her name?

I have not yet entirely recovered from the sad effects of your pavements and tight boots. But I am much better than when I left Charleston.



It is now past eleven o'clock in the night, and I must bid you "Good-night." I wish I could take leave of you as I did in Charleston. Oh that I could only touch your hand and say "Farewell." But even this pleasure is denied me till April. Then we meet to part no more. God bless you, dear Lizzy—farewell.

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., January 14th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—Your letter of the 6th inst. did not reach this place till last night. I received by the same mail letters from Charleston, dated the 9th inst. Yours was post-marked three days earlier. But yet I received them together. There is very great irregularity in the mails lately. I am truly surprised that you did not receive my letter from Columbia. But I am very much gratified to know that you did not attribute your "disappointment," when the servant returned from the post-office, to any "neglect" on my part. No, Lizzy, I never can neglect you—nor can I violate the most trifling promise I make you. If I should ever fail to write you, when I ought to, and when you are expecting a letter from me, be assured that it is out of my power to write, and that you are not "neglected." How grateful to my heart was the expression in your letter—"for I think you must have written." It shows a confidence in me which I hope will increase when we are more intimately connected.

You observe in your letter that since my departure your solitude has been almost unbroken, except by the "weekly visitor." Tell Miss Anne I rather think the weekly visitor may soon become a daily visitor. I hope you will, from time to time, let me know what progress he is making. But you need not inform Miss Anne of this request. By the by, I think it not at all improbable that I may bring down with me in April two or three beaux. I have just written letters to them, giving an invitation, and will let you know if they promise to accompany me.

You have a most happy knack of mixing up in your letters good and evil—or rather pleasant and unpleasant associations. In the first place you remind me of "thirteen years," and speak of the vast improvement you expect to make in epistolary writing when you get to be as old as I am! In the next line you allude to the pleasure of my "accustomed visits" and say how much you miss them. I suppose you do this to make me value more highly the kind expression when it follows—as to check that "vanity" which you seem to think gentlemen possess. Now,

my dear Lizzy, I am quite free from this feminine vice. I have no vanity I hope you will not accuse me of it when I say that I have been so much accustomed to look upon myself as a young fellow just entering life, that I feel surprised when I hear anyone speak of being thirteen years younger than myself. I really cannot avoid thinking myself quite a youth—when I see Judge Earle yet a gay young man, and recollect that he was an old lawyer when I was a lad reading in his office.

I hope you have been to see Miss Sloane. She is a clever little girl and will be very thankful for any attention you may pay her. She is also a stranger in your city and never before from home. Since my return to Greenville she has written to her mother, to thank me a dozen times for the visit I paid her whilst in town, and that she was never so glad to see anyone in her life. I hope you will show her some attention. When you come to Greenville, Mrs. Sloane will be our nearest neighbor, and I have no doubt one of our kindest.

Greenville is rapidly improving—there are new houses being erected constantly—new stores opening—and general prosperity seems to environ it. What a delightful country retreat your mother will have when she settles here and has a few of her Charleston friends around her! I hope your aunt, Mrs. Turnbull, will visit us next Summer and be induced to make a purchase here. I do assure you it has, for several years past, been my firm conviction that the upper country would ultimately contain almost all the wealth and respectability of the lower country in the Summer and Autumn. Let the great Western Railroad be finished to the mountains and who will stay in the lower country during the Summer, exhausted with heat, annoyed by mosquitoes, and the victims of fever, cholera, etc., when they can so easily fly to a healthy region and breathe the fresh invigorating mountain atmosphere, drink good water and have cool nights. Then there is something so grand, picturesque and beautiful in the lofty range of mountains which at all times strike the views of the citizen from his house, garden and farm.

You must write me how all of your friends are doing, and give my respects to them. I should have been very happy to have seen your aunts again. Remember me particularly to Mr. Pereneau. I was much pleased with the goodness, simplicity and philosophy of the old gentleman. I hope we may be able one day to make him lose the recollection of that famous visit to Georgetown in a much longer one to Greenville. Give my love to your mother, Miss Susan and Miss Anne. Adieu, my darling.

Your lover,

B. F. PERRY.

GREENVILLE C. H., January 21st, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy*.—I received your letter of the 16th inst. last night, and must congratulate you on the improvement you are making in epistolary writing. Hitherto your letters have been about one page and a half, but this one contains nearly three pages and finely written. It is the most interesting letter I have ever received from you—more interesting than any of the others, simply because it is longer. I return you my sincere thanks for it, and hope that the next one will be still further evidence of your improvement. But oh, if you could have seen the outward appearance of this letter when I received it. The servant who carried it to the post-office for you must have thrust it into his bosom for safe keeping, or made a deposit of it in his pantaloon pockets, for I assure you it looked very much as if it had been lost in a coal pit, or had been blown through the chimney. I inform you of the fact because several of your letters have had pretty much the same appearance, and it grieves and vexes me to see a paper coming from your fair hand thus sullied and soiled by the careless negligence of a servant.

You seem almost to fear my books as your “rival.” No, Lizzy, neither in the devotion of my time, nor in the idolatry of my heart, need you ever fear a “rival.” Though I am surrounded by my books and derive from them pleasure unalloyed, yet my thoughts are constantly with you. To prefer my situation now, pleasant and agreeable as it may be, to the evenings I spent in your drawing room, would be treason to my love. Those evenings were the happiest of my life, and I never can think of them without deep throbbings of my heart and a sigh that they are past. It was then that the fidelity of our love was first sealed with a kiss. But oh, Lizzy, when I think of those evenings and reflect how long it will be before we meet again, I am almost phrensied with the thought. Never can three months, and it will be just three months and one day from this night until we meet, pass away more slowly. To me it will seem an age.

You say that you love Charleston dearly with all of its faults, that you admire the Charleston ladies, and ask me if I do not. Yes, my dear Lizzy, I must feel some admiration for the Charleston ladies whilst you are one of the number. And if I had no other cause for loving the city, the fact of its being your home and birthplace would be sufficient to inspire my heart with that feeling. But Charleston has always been dear to me. The generous hospitality and noble bearing of its citizens, their refinement, intellectual worth and literary taste, have always excited my admiration. But above all, their Revolutionary devotion to their country. I agree with you too in thinking that a city improves the manner and tastes of ladies. And you might have added the manners of gentlemen also.



But after admitting all this, I must be allowed to express a decided partiality for the country. It is in the country that we are more likely to meet with simplicity, sincerity, virtue, morality, patriotism and religion. There is in the country a freer thought and a bolder grasp of intellect than are usually met in the city. It is a remarkable fact that very few great men in this or in any other country have been born in a large city.

I am very much indebted to your good Uncle Pereneau for the very favorable opinion he expressed of me. When he spoke of my personal appearance, he must have done so entirely in compliment to you. I hope you will present my respects to him, and say that it will give me great pleasure to see him again in April.

And Miss Susan is to be bridesmaid to one of her friends whilst you and Miss Anne are slighted. Tell Miss Susan to beware, "one wedding brings on another," is the old adage. I hope you will be first at your own wedding before you are at any other. Remind Miss Anne of her promise to invite me to her wedding provided it takes place before ours. We have had a good many weddings in Greenville lately, but they are rather obscure persons. There is, however, a ball to be given a couple in this place on Tuesday evening next. They will have fine weather for dancing.

I go nowhere, visit no one and hear but very little news of the village. Mrs. Thompson came to the Mansion House the other day and said to Mrs. Coleman that she wished to know when I was going back to Charleston, for she had some message or bundle to send. I replied that if she was in a hurry to send it, she had better not wait for me to carry it. Mrs. Coleman inquires very kindly after you, your mother and sisters. I am really ashamed of myself in not having yet been to see Mrs. Thompson after promising your mother that I would do so. But business, cold weather, etc., are my only excuses.

I am beginning to want some book to read. I received two boxes of books the other day, but they were all law books, and among them were two or three volumes which had been printed two hundred years. They can hardly be called "new books." Have you read the "Mysteries of Udolpho"? But it is now eleven o'clock at night and I am all alone and ought not mention this terrible book. Good-night. I wish I could take farewell of you as I have done.

Adieu.

B. F. PERRY.

GREENVILLE C. H., January 26th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy*:—I was again very much disappointed in not receiving last evening a letter from you. Two of my letters are now unanswered, and although I have not written to you for a week past, I was almost disposed not to write again until I received a letter from you. But inasmuch as your last communication was so much longer than any previous one, I have come to the conclusion that I ought to write you two letters for it by way of encouragement for the progress you are making in your correspondence. I must insist, however, on you paying your debts and answering separately all of my letters. If you only knew the very great pleasure which your letters afford me, I am sure you would write every week. Let me insist that hereafter you write me every Monday; and send the letters to the post-office in the evening before the mail closes, and I will then be certain to receive them on Friday night, and you may be certain that I will write you every Saturday evening, so that my letters will reach you on Thursday morning. Remember now.

I wrote you some time since that I had written to two or three beaux to accompany me in April. I received letters in reply this week from two of my friends, Colonels Fair and Herndon, accepting my invitations and promising that nothing on earth shall prevent them going with me. They both express great joy at the tidings which I communicated, but say that it gives them melancholy reflections to think that they are still old bachelors. Colonel Herndon avows his determination to follow my example, and intimates that he will make a bold effort in Charleston. Colonel Fair writes me that he had the pleasure of your acquaintance last Summer twelve-month, and that he was much pleased with you. He mentions rather a singular coincidence. The night he received my letter, he also received one from Mr. Anderson, of Charleston, requesting his "assistance" to marry him to Miss Elizabeth Kincaid, on the evening of the 1st of February. He says he became acquainted with you and Miss Kincaid at the same time, admired both of you, that eighteen months have passed by without his hearing from or seeing either of you, and that on the same night he received letters inviting him to both of your weddings.

I may invite two or three other friends to accompany me. Judge Earle is now in Florida; on his return I must, of course, extend an invitation to him, and if he can leave the Spring Circuit in time to get to Charleston on the 25th of April, I think he will do so. Mr. P. B. Duncan will also probably go down with me. I had a thought of inviting Colonel Simkins and also Mr. L. Toomer, but I am afraid of carrying too many. I do not like a crowd. I wish you to write me on this subject. You must let me know how many attendants you expect to have so that I

may select a corresponding number of groomsmen. You must also write me who they are, and I will select beaux suitable for them.

I received a letter by the last mail from an old uncle of mine in Alabama (who is rich and has no children), in reply to one I wrote him some time since, informing him of my engagement and saying a great many pretty things in your favor. The old man writes back to me that I have given him "the description of an angel and not of a woman," that I have attributed to you "more amiable traits of character than belong to human nature," and he very good humoredly advises me not to expect too much lest I be deceived. I shall write the old man a good deal of sentimental philosophy in reply.

Greenville village has been quite gay for several days past, balls, parties and theatres. I have been to neither. Like a student and a man of business, I have been attending to my professional duties. Since my return from Charleston I have been so much engaged in business that I have not had as much time to devote to my books, "your rivals," as I could wish. You must not be jealous, for I have written you twice to your once. It is well that I returned from Charleston as soon as I did, otherwise I should have lost much in the way of my profession. In the last three weeks it has yielded me in money received for fees and costs, more than five hundred dollars. Had I remained in town, a large portion of this would have been lost to me.

I have just seen Mr. Duncan, who informs me that he received a letter last night from Miss Sloan, in which she speaks of her visit to you, and how much she was pleased with it, etc.

As you are already in my debt two letters, I will not trespass any further on your time at present, but wait until I receive a letter from you, which I know "must" be on Tuesday evening next. Give my love to your mother and sisters, and remember me to all of our friends and acquaintances.

God bless you. Ever yours,

B. F. PERRY.



GREENVILLE C. H., February 3d, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—Your kind, very interesting, and long letter, bearing date the 24th ult., did not reach me until two days since. I have read it over a dozen times, and am really delighted with the “improvement” you are making in your correspondence. Your first letter to me was very little more than one page, and your last is full three pages! I hope you will continue to “improve” in the same manner until you begin to write across your letters, or send me a couple of sheets in one letter.

I thank you, my dear Lizzy, a hundred times over, for your last letter, and am now both glad and sorry that I wrote you last week without having received an answer to two of my former letters. I am glad because your last letter deserves two in reply—and I am sorry because I rather censured you for negligence in not writing. I hope, however, you will excuse my impatience, and attribute it to the natural anxiety of my love. For really it is a source of inconceivable disappointment to fail in receiving a letter from you, when one is expected. If it were not for our correspondence I should be under the necessity of throwing aside my business here, and posting off to Charleston with a view of urging you to an immediate union. And I assure you it was with great reluctance that I consented to its postponement till April, even with the certainty of a weekly correspondence.

It was very kind in your aunt, Mrs. Hayne, not to wish to trespass on your time when you were engaged in writing to me. I hope you will present her my thanks for her very generous consideration; and say to her that when you are living in Greenville, you will write to her the oftener for it. Oh! Lizzy, the idea of your living in Greenville fills my mind with a thousand delightful associations. You will then be mine—with me united in love and by marriage as one person, living only for each other's happiness. How delightful! how exquisite the anticipation! But it causes a deep sigh when I think that two months and a half have yet to roll round before these anticipations are to be realized. But you have so willed it and I must submit.

Mr. ——— “has spoken” to Miss Anne, and you think he is “generous” in giving her some time to consider of the matter. It is true that ladies do generally take time to “consider,” but it is equally true that there is no reason for it. If they would only ask the heart one question, Does it love? they will find in the response given a ready answer for their anxious suitor. If the heart loves, that love will be felt and known without much consideration. And love is a passion, not of slow growth and long, tedious culture. It is a feeling as quick as it is pure, holy and



disinterested. Ladies may say what they please about not loving till the gentleman has told his love and they have had time to consider of it. I never have believed it. It is inconsistent with our nature. No lady can be so blind as not to see when she is loved, and she quickly knows whether it is reciprocal; every impulse of her heart tells her, whether she inquires or not.

It is not, however, my intention to give you an abstract, philosophical treatise on love. I only wish to correct a mistaken notion of yours on this subject. I think that love, being quickly felt, should be promptly told, and that it is "generous" on the part of the lady to give an immediate answer. If she loves, it is generous in her to say so, and if she does not love, it is noble in her to give an immediate refusal. You recollect, my dear darling, how impatient I was in urging my own address, nor did I think that I was ungenerous in my earnest solicitude for an answer from you. When we feel so deeply as I felt, we must necessarily be exceedingly anxious to know our doom.

I have argued this question on the principle that a lady should be governed solely by her love. There may, however, be exceptions. No lady should ever think, for an instant, of marrying a man without she loves. No lady can do so. Never shall I forget the indignant scowl of Judge Huger to a lady in my presence, some years since, who urged that there might be instances where it would be proper for a match to be found on convenience without love! "Tell me," said he "that a virtuous woman can marry a man she don't love!" "No, never." But there might be instances where it would be most unfortunate for a lady to marry a gentleman although she loved him. His character might be such as to make it unfortunate. But really, my dear Lizzy, I am worrying out your patience in burdening you to read so prosing a letter as I am now writing. I have indeed forgotten myself. Love is a subject, which, very often, makes one forget what we are doing.

You observe in your last letter that you will leave me "to guess what portion of your thoughts are about me." If I were, my dearest, to judge of your thought by my own, I should indeed "guess" quite liberally, so much so that you might accuse me of "vanity" once more. But judging without this rule, I will only suppose you think of me occasionally, and that when you do it is always with kindness and love. I am rather afraid that my thoughts are too much devoted to you, and that I think too little of my books and business. I am well assured that I do not read with the same interest that I formerly did. Law books are exceedingly dull, and new works are out of my reach.

A friend of mine presented me the other day with the first volume of Aaron Burr's Life and Correspondence. It is very interesting and I was delighted with the correspondence between Colonel Burr and his wife. His letters to Mrs. Burr evince more of love, kindness and affection than I thought it possible for a heart so infamous as his to possess. There is also a letter from Colonel Alston to Miss Burr, whilst he was addressing her, on the subject of early marriages, which I read with great pleasure. It is remarkably well written and argues the question with great ability.

I am glad to hear that you intend to learn to play some pretty songs on the guitar for me—and although I have no ear for music, yet I shall always have an ear for your songs, no matter whether they are pretty ones or ugly ones ; your sweet voice will make them appear pretty whether they are so or not.

You inform me that Major Robert Y. Hayne has disposed of his property in Alabama, abandoned the spirit of emigration, returned home and thinks there is no place like good old Carolina. Tell him that although his friends may censure his prudence, they must nevertheless approve those feelings and affections for his native soil which prompted his return. I have long thought that the American people were too much characterized for their spirit of emigration and constant change of domicile. My opinion has ever been that such a spirit destroys in a great measure that *amor patriæ*, that love of country which ought to burn, with a pure and unquenchable flame, in the bosom of every American. It is impossible for any one to have local attachment who is constantly moving, and local attachment is patriotism. The serf of Russia, who is sold with the glebe, but who lives where his fathers lived for centuries before him, has, I have no doubt, that *amor patriæ* more strongly implanted in his bosom than the Republican citizen of America, who, in the course of a few years moves into a dozen States, and at last is ready to exchange his home once more for Texas or the banks of the Oregon.

It is just so, my dear Lizzy, with the affections of the heart : they are weakened every time they are changed or transferred. The heart that has often loved cannot love? No one who has the slightest knowledge of human nature would ever think of finding an arduous, disinterested and devoted attachment in the bosom of a reigning fashionable belle, a belle who has been courted, admired and loved by thousands, and who, in return, has dissipated every affection of her heart among the crowd of beaux by whom she has been surrounded. Hence, my dear Lizzy, is the value of first love, not only in your sex but in mine also. There is a magic charm about it above all consideration.

In speaking of "vanity," you remark that you will not say whether you are free of it, but will leave me to determine for myself. In the honest sincerity of my heart, my dearest, I believe you are as free of that "empty pride" as any one of your sex. It was your girlish simplicity and innocence of nature, connected with your beauty and intelligence which first won my heart. Vanity is never united with good sense. There may be persons highly gifted who are vain, but they are wanting in common sense, or they would not possess this peculiar weakness.

You are very kind, my dear Lizzy, in saying that if either of us was under the necessity of having a few years added to our present ages, you would let me "bear the weight of them." I know the spirit in which this remark is made, and am pleased at it. But it affords me so good an opportunity of being facetious, that I cannot forego it. The remark reminds me of a jest which I have often heard the lamented Warren-R. Davis repeat in his merry moods. "There was a man and his wife who did not live on the most amicable terms, but who were always professing great love of each other in company. One day, in order to show his extreme tenderness, the husband observed to his wife most affectionately, that he hoped she would die first! The loving spouse, a little piqued at so strange a remark, inquired the cause of this tender wish, the husband replied: "I think, my dear, I can stand grief better than you can!" He was afraid that if he died first, it would give his wife too much distress of mind, and did not like to think of her being made so "unhappy." As it is likely, according to the order of human nature, that the oldest should die first, you may, my dear Lizzy, think with the tender husband that you can bear grief better than I can. However, you must excuse my facetiousness. I love you the better for the remark.

I hope that Major Hayne's remark about Miss and Mr. —— is not correct, and that although they are out of sight, they will not be out of each other's mind, but that having proven the strength of their affection, they will be both willing next Summer to make a mutual pledge before some reverend clergyman.

You seem to sympathize with M——, and really his situation deserves our sympathy. I cannot imagine a more mortifying situation than that of being discarded after the affections of the heart have been given, perhaps unalterably, after they have been nurtured by the kindness and reciprocated love of her whom he adores!

But, my darling, I must bring this long tiresome letter to a close. I know it must be tiresome to you, and I ought to apologize for writing so much. I hope, however, you will punish me in the same way. If you are the least out of patience, when you have finished reading this letter,



let me advise you to sit down and through sheer spite write me a letter of the same length.

Give my love and kind remembrance to your mother and sisters and all of our friends. Farewell, my dear, sweet girl.

B. F. PERRY.

GREENVILLE C. H., February 11th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—Yours of the 1st inst. was received this week. It gave me great pleasure, and I read it over as I do all of your letters until I almost have it by heart.

It may be, my dear Lizzy, that in my zeal and partiality for the country and a country life, I said too much in favor of my own peculiar notions on the subject. I do not now recollect what I did say, but you seem to differ with me as to the country having been more productive of great men than cities. I am glad you alluded to the expression, as it affords me an opportunity of saying a few words in explanation.

I had reference more particularly to the United States when I observed that it was "remarkable how few great men have been born in cities." When we take into consideration the superior wealth, intelligence, refinement and opportunities for the development of talent in large cities, we would naturally infer that almost all great men were born there. But this has not been the case. All of our Presidents, without a single exception, were born in the country. Chief Justice Marshall and Chancellor Kent, two of the most distinguished jurists that the United States ever has or ever can produce, were born in the country. Alexander Hamilton, who, in my opinion, was the most able and highly gifted man of whom America can boast, was born in the West India plains, far removed from a city. Patrick Henry, the most eloquent of all the Revolutionary orators, was emphatically a rustic by birth and education. The three most distinguished men now in the Senate of the United States—Clay, Webster and Calhoun—were born in the country. To these distinguished names I may also with great propriety add those of Messrs. *M<sup>c</sup>* Duffie, Hayne and Preston.

But, my dear Lizzy, let us refer to England. I hope you will indulge me a few minutes longer. Shakespeare, the greatest of English poets, never saw a city till he was twenty-one or twenty-two years old. Sir Isaac Newton, with whom no one can be compared for the extraordinary splendor of his genius, was born in the country. Oliver Cromwell, the most

remarkable man that England ever produced, was a native of the country. So was Dryden, and so was Dr. Johnson. The Earl of Chatham, distinguished alike for the nobleness of his nature, the fire and magnificence of his eloquence and his vast comprehensive statistics as a statesman, was born in the country. I might mention Locke and a hundred others distinguished in philosophy, eloquence and war. Napoleon Bonaparte, the most wonderful man that ever lived, he who raised himself from an humble condition in life, to be the master of kings, emperors and princes; he who portioned out amongst his brothers and sisters kingdoms and principalities as if there was nothing less than an empire worthy of being received as a gift at his hands—he “was born in the country.”

If we were to turn to classic history, we should see that Alexander the Great was born at Pella, and Aristotle at Stagira, places which were anything else than cities. Cicero, with all of his finished and thrilling eloquence, profound philosophy and sterling patriotism, was born in the country. But, my dear Lizzy, I will have some compassion on your patience, I will stop before you begin to wish me not to write at all, unless I can write about something of more interest.

You are very much mistaken, Lizzy, if you suppose, for an instant, that the outward appearance of your letters would in any way diminish the pleasure which they afford me. I only mentioned the fact communicated in my letter, because it mortified me to see anything which I hold so sacred as your letters, sullied or abused. That holy devotion of heart with which I view your letters, can be compared to nothing more aptly than that sacred love and religious veneration with which a “true believer of Mahomet” looks upon every page of the Koran. And as soon would a faithful Mussulman think of offering disrespect to the writings of his Prophet, as I should of seeing your letters abused without interposing to rescue them. I intend to have them bound in a volume like the albums, in the very richest style.

We have, for eight or ten days past, had some charming, delightful weather. The thermometer was as high as 50° or 60° Fahrenheit at sunrise. Everything has the appearance of an approaching Spring. I have been to-day engaged in planting out the mountain locust all around my lot. This tree makes a beautiful shade and is of very rapid growth.

You tell me that during the Winter in Charleston, you can scarcely call a minute of time your own. How differently we are situated in the country. Every minute here is our own and at our own disposal. But I have already said enough about the country and a country life. The following is, however, the manner in which my time passes. I rise in the morning, dress, and go to breakfast at half after seven. I return from

*characteristics*

breakfast at eight and read till eleven or twelve, am then engaged an hour or two [in business, and go to dinner at half after one, return and am engaged in writing or consultation with clients till three or four, then I read till tea, at early candle-light ; from tea till ten o'clock at night I am reading or writing. This is literally true every day.

Adieu, my dear Lizzy,

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., February 12th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy*.:—I will write you this letter in the form of a diary. It is a mode of corresponding which you once suggested to me, and which I now recommend you to adopt. Write every day the occurrences of the day and the thoughts which are suggested to your mind. This you can do with less inconvenience than myself, having more leisure and not so liable to be interrupted whilst writing. I do assure you, Lizzy, that such a journal will be exceedingly interesting, and place me under additional obligations to your kindness, and you will not then be fatigued with the trouble of writing a long letter at one sitting.

To-day is the Sabbath. I went to church in the forenoon and heard a most excellent sermon from Mr. Spaulding, pastor of the Baptist Church in this village. It was on "Faith and Works." His illustrations were most happy and convincing, and I thought not in accordance with the sectarian notions of his denomination. Although I have usually attended from my infancy the Baptist Church, and have always contributed to the support of a clergyman of that church, yet my religious notions and principles have always inclined to the Methodist creed. I believe that man is a free agent, and only as a free agent can be responsible for his acts in this life. I eschew predestination and believe that we are saved by good works and not blind faith. I believe that we may at one period of our lives be worthy of eternal salvation, and afterwards fall from this happy state. The liberal Christian spirit with which the Episcopalians are governed in their intercourse with the world, has ever received my highest admiration. I believe there is less of fanaticism in their church discipline than is to be found even with the Methodist. But it is your church, Lizzy, and I should be partial to it on that account, if on no other.

Monday 13th.—I have spent this day pretty much in reading and consultation with my clients. In the evening I took a walk "through town" with my friend Colonel Towns, and examined and admired all the



improvements of our little village. We discussed the prosperity and flourishing condition of the upper country, and that of Greenville in particular. We spoke of the wonderful change which the mountain region of Carolina was destined to undergo in a few years. Nature has done much for this region of country, and the time is not far distant when it will present all the improvements to be seen in the most flourishing portions of the New England States. Greenville must become a manufacturing district—water-power, health, cheapness of labor and the mineral productions of our county will force us to become a manufacturing people. When this does happen, and it is already beginning, wealth must come to us from all parts. Investments of capital will be made in our cotton factories, iron manufacturing companies, etc., from the north, the lower country and the southwest.

Tuesday 14th.—My dear Lizzy, I have just been to the post-office and received your letter of the 7th inst. It has been seven days in reaching me. I will never be so "uncharitable" again as to suspect that you have not written when I am disappointed in receiving a letter from you. But you know, my darling, it is human nature to fear the worst and hope for the best. Your letters afford me so much pleasure that the disappointment is almost intolerable.

I am glad to hear that it is uncertain whether you are to be Miss Anne's bridesmaid or she yours. I hope, as you are the younger, that you will give the preference to Miss Anne. But I am not so certain that I ought to be so generous as thus to yield my claims to being your mother's first son-in-law. It is a distinction not to be sold for a "mess of pottage," though it may be yielded in the spirit of chivalry. You must let me know what arrangements are made. And you must also inform me as to your own attendants as soon as convenient, the number especially. I have added two more bachelors to my list—W. F. Gantt and Colonel Towns. At present I have invited Colonels Fair and Herndon, R. B. Duncan, W. F. Gantt and Colonel Towns. Judge Earle is to be added whenever he returns. Fair, Herndon, Gantt and Towns will be pretty certain to accompany me, but I am under no obligation to make them all groomsmen.

You seem to think it something very strange that we should have so many bachelors in the upper country, and you very naturally inquire if their hearts are not susceptible, or if the young ladies are not capable of inspiring them with love? The query is one of difficulty, and in order to solve it you will have to inquire of each old bachelor the particular reason of his own case. But there is even a difficulty then. It is to be hoped that the old bachelors have too much of the true spirit and honor of gallantry



to reflect so seriously on the fair sex as to say that the ladies in the upper country are "so inferior that they cannot produce an impression." Sooner would every old bachelor confess the fault to be his own, and that his heart is without a tender feeling or a noble impulse. And this too would be a most grievous, heart-rending confession for an old bachelor to make.

Let me tell you, the very remark you have made about the old bachelors of my suit was predicted by one of them. Mr. Gantt said that so many old bachelors would certainly excite some remarks or witticisms. They are all, however, handsome, fine looking old fellows, and I am fearful they will smite the heart of many a Charleston belle before they leave the city. You had better tell the young ladies to guard well their hearts, for some gallant assaults may be expected.

Wednesday 15th.—I have been to-day making an experiment in transplanting a small ash tree. Everyone tells me it will not live, that the tree is too large, but I am disposed to think differently. It will make my grove of ashes much more beautiful should it only live. The fine house which Mrs. Thompson speaks of is making slow progress. The contractor assures me, however, that it will go on more rapidly after the Winter is over. I am rather inclined to think too that we shall both be too great novices in housekeeping, to wish to commence immediately. And we shall wish to spend a month or two, or three or four months after our marriage without the "botheration" of all the cares of keeping house. I am very much disposed to follow the maxim which I have read in the old Bible, that after marriage the husband shall neither go to war nor engage in business for one year, but stay at home and comfort his wife. I am not sure that I quote correctly—the idea is expressed—so I think we should not go to housekeeping immediately after our marriage, but spend the Summer in leisure and pleasure. We shall have enough of the cares and troubles of a house without being over-anxious to commence with them. What say you? For in this matter I am very much inclined to consult your pleasure.

Saturday, 18th.—You discover that I have neglected writing for two days past. I have been so much engaged in business that I really had not time to compose myself sufficiently to think of writing to you. I dislike very much to be interrupted whilst writing you, and therefore always prefer writing after the business of the day is over. But for two or three nights past I have had considerable writing to do in a professional way. Had I written in this, my diary, my remarks must have been very dull and uninteresting. I could have told you that Thursday was a dull, wet day, pretty warm and something the appearance of Spring, and that

Friday was very cold and clear, that I was engaged in business, etc. So you now have, Lizzy, all that I could have said those two days which passed by without comment.

The mail which brought your letter, also brought me one from our friend, Mr. Croft. It was a letter on business, but the old gentleman took care to inform me that my "particular friend" was well, and that he saw you very often, etc. I requested him to present my respects to you, and I suppose before this letter reaches you he will have done so. The old man's inquisitiveness found out, however, how matters were between us before I left Charleston. I like him and Mrs. Croft too, very much. He has been also a very warm friend of mine in my addresses to you. More than once he took the liberty of telling me how well he had spoken of me to you and your mother. It may be that I am indebted to him for my success.

Before this letter reaches you, Mr. Roberts, of this village, will have been in Charleston and left there with Miss <sup>John</sup>Susan, his sister-in-law, under his protection. They are expected to return here this day week. I hope you saw Miss Elizabeth again before she left town.

I was pleased to hear that you had received a letter from Mrs. Eddings, and that she had mentioned my name in her communication. I think a great deal of Mr. and Mrs. Eddings. They are clever people, and I hope to see them again in Greenville next Summer. The roof of my house shall be painted green before that time. Mr. Eddings is the brother too of my esteemed friend Mrs. Pope. I had been in his company several weeks before I knew it. Mrs. Pope, on leaving Greenville two years since, said to me that if I would invite her to my wedding, no matter when nor where it was, that she would attend, and that she would make a visit to Greenville in the Winter to be present at it, and enjoined it on me to give her timely notice. But I have not heard from her since, and suppose that she does not hardly recollect her injunctions by this time.

You need not apologize, my dear Lizzy, for trespassing on my time in reading your letters. You remind me that I always apologize for the length of my letters, and must therefore think the time unprofitably spent in reading long letters. I beg you to remember there is a difference between the length of our letters. I very often send you two sheets closely written. You send me in return two pages. And I know full well too that your letters are more interesting to me than mine can be to you.

You mentioned very good humoredly the spilling of your ink on the desk, and remark how fortunate you were that none of it touched the

paper. I suppose you made this remark to remind me of my great particularity in communicating to you the outward appearance of one of your letters. You must make some allowance for the particularity of bachelors. Old maids and old bachelors have always been famous for neatness and particularity. But inasmuch as you say my name is stricken off the list of old bachelors, it becomes me now to throw aside their notions and whims. I do not think, however, that I have adopted many of their notions and caprices.

The business of my circuit is just beginning, and I have to commence at Pickens' Court House on the third Monday in March. This will render it impossible for me to visit Charleston till the 22d of April.

Give my love to all the family and friends. Good-night, dearest, I will go to sleep to dream about you. Adieu.

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., February 22d, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy:*—Your letter of the 14th inst. reached me last night, and I was much gratified to see your "improvement" once more. Indeed I began to think that my congratulations were too soon! But it matters not, Lizzy, how short your letters may be, they will always meet a cordial welcome from my heart. If they contained but one line, would be read a dozen times. The longer your letters are, however, the more gratifying they are to me, for they must necessarily contain more of your thoughts, feelings and sentiments. The difference between a short and a long letter from you may aptly be compared to the pleasure of being in your company a few minutes or two or three hours. In mentioning "your company," my imagination pictures to itself your drawing-room, the sofa and a cheerful coal fire. And I can see you now looking at your watch, and showing me that it is near ten o'clock. And I feel again the reluctance with which I used to leave you. Those were delightful evenings and I sigh for their return.

You ask me what I think of the expression in Colonel Alston's letter to Miss Burr, "that a man never loves after he is thirty years old." In reply I would say that Colonel Alston wrote that letter when he was only in the twenty-second year of his age. How did he know what were the feelings at thirty? You must also recollect that he was urging with great zeal, and under most peculiar circumstances, the propriety of early marriages, when the expression was used. If Colonel Alston had experienced



the present feelings of my heart he would have written differently. I am unwilling to believe that there is any difference in the feelings and affections of the heart at twenty-two and thirty. I will not admit that there has abated in the least, at the age of thirty, that ardor of feeling and passion which characterizes youth. That period is too soon for the selfishness of age to have infused itself into our nature. And you seem to think with Colonel Alston that the heart which has never loved at thirty, is not likely to love at all. I would ask, if it were not possible, for a gentleman to see every day the coarse daubing of an ignorant painter, without taking any interest in them whatever, and yet, at thirty, be struck with the highest admiration for the first time, at the sight of a splendid and finished piece of painting which is brought to his view? May we not pass through the period of youth laughing at the wretched caricatures of a toy shop, and yet be enraptured at thirty with the sight of a beautiful piece of sculpture from the chisel of Angelo or Conova? Take an illiterate peasant and read to him Byron's Corsair, or Homer's Iliad, and will he not admire them as much at thirty as he would have done at twenty-two? The heart which has never loved until the maturity of manhood is like a rich soil, which has been accumulating in fertility for a number of years, and when sown yields the more abundant harvest.

The opinion of a young gentleman whom you do not name, as to marrying a lady we do not love in preference to one whom we do love, is the height of absurdity. I will venture to say that this gentleman will never carry into practice the philosophy which he preaches. To my mind there can be nothing more revolting than the idea of marrying one whom we do not love. No matter how many good qualities she may possess we should ever be blinded to them. On the other hand, that feeling which induces us to think that those we truly and sincerely love, angels on earth, will ever cause us to look with kindness and tenderness on their conduct, however bad it may be. I could refer to striking instances which have come under my observation in confirmation of what I here assert.

You wish to know what progress has been made in erecting my house. The building has been carried on so slowly that I have been almost ashamed to allude to it. Colonel Dunham, the contractor, has had his workmen employed in making the window sash, door frames, dressing plank and having all the lumber ready so as to put up the building as soon as the Spring commences. I have employed another carpenter to build the kitchen, etc. In the mean time I shall superintend the making and laying off the garden myself. I have already been planting a great many trees for shade, ornament, etc. Let me give you a description

of the house and lot as the one will appear when finished and the other improved. The house will be forty-six feet long by twenty feet wide and raised six feet from the ground and two-story high, a double portico in front, two rooms above and below, with a passage in the centre, square or tipped roof, large double windows above and below extending to the floor ; the front door will have lights above and around handsomely set in, there is to be at some future time a building extending back from the house making a T. In front of the house stand three large forest oaks, and a fourth tree of smaller dimensions planted by me. In front of the lot and on either side will be a row of cedars—these I have already planted ; from the gate to the portico, about fifty feet, will be a hedge of cedars on both sides of a gravel walk ; around the house will be planted shrubbery and fruit trees. In the rear of the house and leading to the garden, flower yard, etc. The garden shall be tastefully laid off and will contain about a half acre. But enough of my description. We will one day make it almost a fairy seat. Several persons have told me that they were going to present Mrs. Perry with a great many flowers, shrubs, etc., to set out. I have myself been working very hard to-day, with my boy, in planting trees and making a fence. I will make it a most beautiful place some day.

I have just received a box of books, a great variety of works, but have not time to read them. Good night, dear Lizzy, give my love to your mother and sisters, and remember me to all of our friends.

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., March 4th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I congratulated you, some time since, on your “improvement,” in consequence of the length of your letters, I now have reason to congratulate myself on account of your punctuality. I always go to the post-office on Tuesday evening, with the conscious certainty of hearing from you.

You make a request in your last letter which I never can grant, “that when we meet again our letters are to be exchanged, and yours committed to the flames whilst mine are to be handsomely bound ! No, Lizzy, your letters will ever be faithfully preserved whilst it is in the power of man to do so. But I will make a compromise with you on this subject, our letters shall be bound together.

Miss Sloane returned home on Sunday evening last, and I called on her in a few hours afterwards, being anxious to see some one who had so



recently seen you. She expresses herself under many obligations to you for your politeness, attention and kindness. But I have not seen her since I received your last letter. Colonel Towns is a good deal pleased with Miss Sloane, and I predict a wedding.

Time drags heavily with me. It occurred to my mind Tuesday evening last, that that evening had been once proposed as the evening of our marriage, and had been assented to by you and your mother. How cruel to have postponed it! How happy I should now be had it not been postponed. We should at this moment be together and in the enjoyment of each other's company. Oh! how delightful, and would to God it were so. But the time, the appointed hour is rolling around, and though with a slow pace will come.

For eight or ten days past I have thrown aside my books and been "hard at work," so much so that I have blistered my hands. Let me tell you what I have done. In one of my former letters, I mentioned that I was transplanting a large forest ash and some mountain locusts. Since then I have planted out one hundred cedar trees, fifteen or twenty apple trees, a dozen or two pear trees, several quinces, a number of cherry trees, and a number of other trees. There will be a row of cedars on each side of the house making a square and two rows of the same leading from the gate to the portico. The house will be about as far from the street as your mother's. In front stand three very large and venerable oak trees, cedar and a variety of fruit trees. In the rear a garden with whatever we may hereafter put in it. But I am going to lay it off and arrange the walks most beautifully. All that I can say at present is that I have planted a good many fruit trees in it, and have written to Mr. Merrick for others, vines, shrubs, etc. I really never knew before how much pleasure there was in improving a lot and building houses after your own plan. But enough of this for the present. *Merrick*

I am anxious to hear from you as to what arrangement you have made. You must also write me as to your bridesmaids. How long will you wish to remain in Charleston before we leave for Greenville? We will return by the way of Columbia, and I thought about a week after our marriage. I said something to you the evening I left as to any preference you might have in travelling. If it meets your approbation we will return to Columbia in a steamboat and thence in the stage. I have no carriage of my own and have thought it would be rather an unnecessary expense at the present time. Persons setting out in life should be prudent and not incur expenses unnecessarily. Living in the village we shall have but little use for a carriage. I shall, however, in this matter, consult your pleasure and inclination.

My landlord, Colonel Coleman, left here for Charleston the other day, and expects to reach town on Thursday next. I requested him to call and see your mother and family, but he said he did not expect to have time to do so. Colonel Coleman is a very good and worthy man and Mrs. Coleman is a very clever woman. They both make a great many kind inquiries about you and your mother and sister. They profess to have great partialities for all of you.

You perceive that my letter paper has arrived in Greenville, but the sheets are too small. I am glad you did not purchase any of it. The sheets are too little to contain as much as ought to be written in a love letter. You need not request me to read only once your letters! They are invariably read the second time, before they are folded up, after being opened. But I do not read them, my dear Lizzy, with a critic's eye, although they would stand the test of criticism. You must not despair of surpassing me in epistolary writing. I believe you do that already. I never can excel in writing letters. Excellence in letter writing belongs to the ladies.

I must now conclude, my paper is too small. Ever yours, my dear Lizzy.

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., March 11th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—In your letter of the 28th ult., you seem to think it better to spend an hour or two in writing a long letter, than to devote a few minutes every day in keeping a diary. I am not sure but that you are correct in this opinion. It is quite tedious to be so long in writing one letter, and you are apt to be tired of seeing the same sheet of paper before you a half dozen times. But, my dear Lizzy, how interesting would your diary be to me. With how intense an interest would I read it, and then I should always have the pleasure of receiving from you a long letter. You had been to the races and the performance of Monsieur Adrien, had seen Judge Richardson, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Eddings and Mrs. Croft.

I received a letter from Colonel Fair last night, informing me that he saw you in Charleston. He paid you a great many compliments, and I forbear mentioning them for fear they might excite a little "vanity." I almost feel vain of them myself, and you know I have no vanity. The

compliments paid you by Colonel Fair might excite in my bosom something of vanity if I did not know that you so richly merited them.

Judge Earle returned the other day from Charleston, and informed me that he had heard of my flame whilst in town. The Judge says he will accompany me in April without fail. He will be a gay youth for a groomsman, think you? to place beside one of your "young and pretty" cousins. I have not heard from my friend Colonel Herndon lately. I am afraid the cold winter doesn't agree with his age and infirmities. And you think my groomsman are not as remarkably handsome as I think them, and that "the danger is all on their side." Indeed, Lizzy, the danger may all be on their side—so much of your expression I admit to be true—but you do them great injustice when you detract from their personal appearance. Let me take them in detail: Judge Earle has for the last thirty years, been universally regarded as the handsomest man in the upper country; reputation of so long standing cannot now be affected by any doubts. Colonel Herndon cannot lay claim to so old a reputation, but he is decidedly fine looking. Colonel Fair, after the compliments he has just paid you, ought to receive a most favorable decision at your hands. William Gantt, Esq., is an evergreen, he looks as well and as young now as he did fifteen years since, when he was distinguished for his personal appearance. Colonel Towns is young and good looking, tall and a military man. But I must beg Judge Earle's pardon for saying "thirty," this is a horrible blunder of mine, I should have said twenty. I beg that you never hint the error to his Honor, lest he fling aside his judicial robes and calls me to the field of honor with lance in hand. The Judge is about forty years old, quite a respectable age for a bachelor.

I cannot say that I am sorry at being assured by you that I shall see Miss Anne on my return to Charleston. This will restore to me the honor which I thought was about being snatched from me, that of being the first son-in-law in your family. However, I beg Miss Susan's pardon. She may, for aught I know, assist some one in filching from me my good name. But I appeal to your mother to protect my rights. She ought to adopt the parliamentary rule of considering the petition in the order in which they were presented. Mine was presented last Fall, and, of course, has a precedence over one presented in January, or perhaps but yesterday in Miss Susan's case. There is an old adage that "one wedding brings on another," and Miss Susan has lately been to several.

My little sheet of paper admonishes me that I must conclude this nonsensical letter. I am sure you would object to my sending more than one sheet unless it was better written. Good-night, my darling, and believe me,

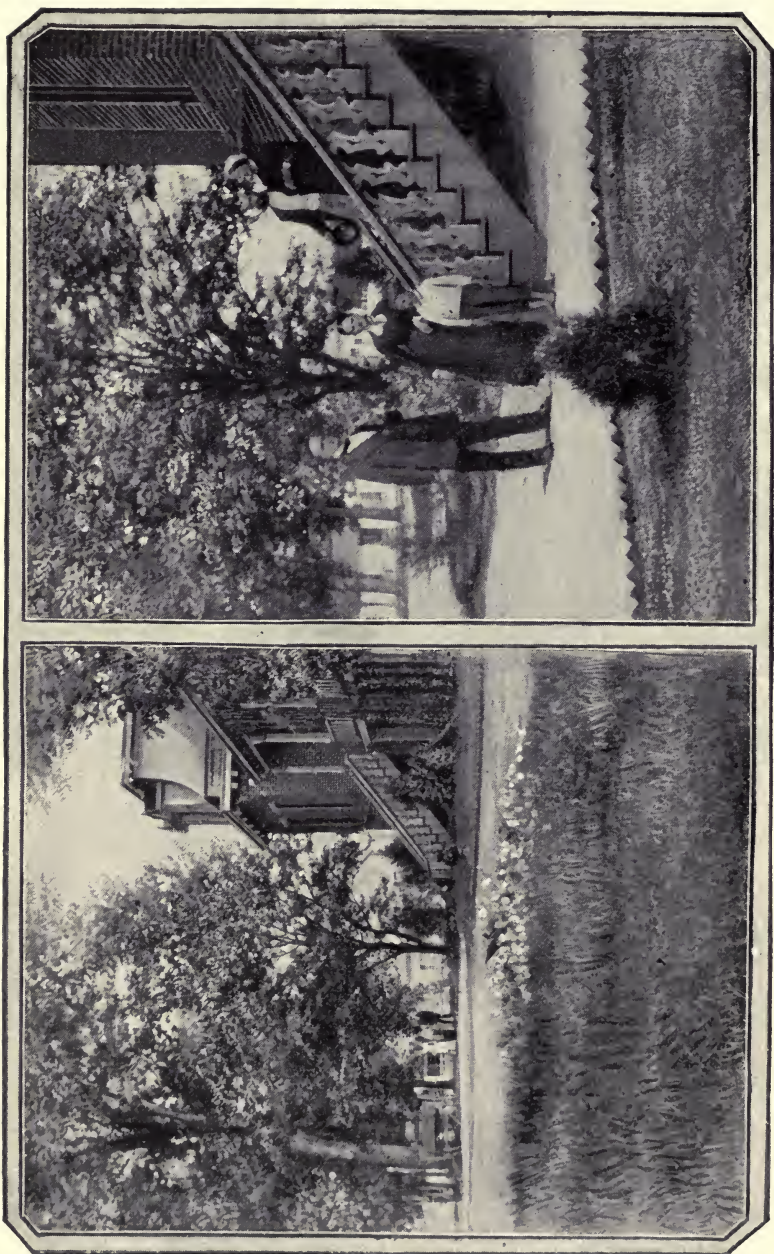
Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.









SANS - SOUCI.

GREENVILLE, March 14th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I have just received your letter of the 7th inst., and hasten to answer it by the return mail.

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You must not, my dear Lizzy, understand my comparison between the firm, steady and manly impulses of love at thirty and the wayward fickleness of love in youth as having any relation to your sex. I drew the comparison for my own sex and believe it applicable to them alone. Woman's love should always be implanted in her youth. There is a difference in this respect between our sexes. Take the world over and you will find that a gentleman always loves his last wife the most, and a lady her first husband. But I must here stop for fear I get to philosophizing again on love.

I shall start to Pickens Court on Sunday morning, and will not return to this place for a fortnight. I go from Pickens to Anderson Court by the way of my father's on Tugaloo. I have not seen my parents since our engagement. They are aged and never leave home, and I have been so much engaged in business since my return from Charleston, that I have not had an opportunity of visiting them. Your letter, which will arrive here in my absence, will be brought to me at Anderson by Colonel Towns. I cannot think of being two weeks without hearing from you. I shall write to you from Pickens and Anderson, but the mails may not be regular, and therefore be not surprised if you do not get my letters in proper time. I shall now be very little at home till I start to Charleston. From next Sunday until I leave Laurens Court for town, I shall be constantly at some court on the circuit. If you were here, I should return from each court as I did last fall. Do you recollect my coming home from Pickens so much sooner than was expected? Give my love to your mother and sisters, and believe me,

Ever yours,

B. F. PERRY.



PICKENS C. H., March 21st, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I have just left the Court House to write you, after a most laborious and fatiguing day spent in defending a man who is charged with a larceny. The accused is sixty-six years old and has hitherto sustained an irreproachable character for honesty and integrity. He has raised a large and respectable family, and has accumulated a handsome fortune. It is now eight o'clock in the night and the trial is not yet over. His Honor, Judge Earle, is making his charge to the jury. But knowing that if I did not write you before the mail closes to-night, I should not have an opportunity of doing so before the first of next week, I have left my client's case in the hands of an assistant counsel, after making as good an argument as I was capable of doing in his favor. His case is a very doubtful one, and has excited much interest in the community.

You see, my dear Lizzy, that I am not writing you on my little sheet of gilt edge, but on a large coarse sheet of foolscap. You must, however, excuse the paper, for it is the best that I can procure in the city of Pickens. I reached this place on Sunday evening, and have not had a moment's leisure since my arrival. I am now writing you with my door locked to keep out troublesome clients, although it is eight o'clock in the night. When I shall be able to leave here I am unable to say—perhaps Friday morning. I go from here to my father's and thence to Anderson Court, as I wrote you last week. I shall be at Greenville the latter part of next week.

How I regret that your letter which reached Greenville Court House to-night will not be seen by me before Sunday evening! How much pleasure it would be to me to read it to-night. I hope it is a long letter. You must excuse this very hasty letter, for I assure you that I write amidst the greatest noise and confusion all around me. You can have no idea of the noise and disagreeable company which a lawyer is subjected to on the Circuit. It is worse upon myself than most lawyers, as I lead a more still and quiet life than most of them.

I can but compare my situation and my thoughts and feelings at this place during the present court, and my thoughts, feelings and situation last Fall court at this place. At that time, my dear Lizzy, I had not told to you my love. I recollect hastening home for the purpose of doing so. I recollect neglecting my business for almost the first time, with a view of enjoying your company and being with you. But now, if nothing happens, one month from this time I will be with you never again to part whilst life continues.

I must now conclude as the mail is waiting for me. It closes to-night though it does not leave till daylight to-morrow. In fact, it ought to be closed already, but I have begged the Postmaster to wait a few minutes, and I assure you I have not been ten minutes writing this scroll.

Give my love to your mother, Miss Susan and Miss Anne, and believe me, dearest love, to be "yours (in your own language),

Most sincerely,"

B. F. PERRY.

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ANDERSON C. H., March 27th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy*:—I arrived here yesterday evening from my father's—left them all well. They were anxiously inquisitive as to the "fair one" who had captivated my heart. Colonel Towns brought my letters from Greenville, and amongst them was yours of the 14th inst. It gave me great pleasure to hear from you after nearly two weeks' silence. This, however, was my fault and not yours, as it was in consequence of my absence from home. To-morrow evening your letter of "arrangements" will get to Greenville, but I shall not have the pleasure of seeing it till the last of the week. How long the Court will detain me here is somewhat uncertain. My business has increased very much this Fall. This is very well, as I have a prospect of increasing my expenses, though I do not know that the expenses of a married man and family are much greater than those of a careless bachelor.

I have nothing of interest to write you at present and very little time to write. The stage will be here in a few moments, and I shall have to go into Court directly. I therefore cannot write you a long letter, but had I time, I would follow the maxim of Scripture and repay good for evil, or a long letter for a short one.

Judge Earle was attacked with rheumatism at Pickens Court, and is now scarcely able to walk. If he gets worse he will not be able to accompany me after the circuit is over. I hope, however, that the fine Spring weather which we now have will improve his health. The weather is indeed delightful, the whole country presents the appearance of Spring. The peach trees, plums, etc., are in full bloom, and in riding through the country there is a fragrance in the atmosphere which is most delightful. The trees have a most beautiful appearance too. Everything is calculated to inspire the feelings of love. I regret that the 25th of April is so far away.



When I return to Greenville I will write you a more full letter, but I shall be very much hurried there, and you must make great allowances for all the letters which you receive from me from this time till you see me. It is a difficult matter for one to sit down and write a love letter or one of sentiment after coming out of Court or from noisy crowds, and being bothered all day with troublesome clients.

You will please remember me to your mother and sisters, and accept my love. My dear Lizzy, farewell. Ever yours,

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., April 1st, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I am once more at home again and have better materials for writing you than it was my good fortune to meet with on the Circuit. For instance, I have a little sheet of gilt edge instead of coarse foolscap, and I have the whole evening to write, instead of being confined to ten or fifteen minutes. But, my dear Lizzy, you cannot imagine how disappointed I was in not receiving a letter from you on my return home. I was grieved, but the next evening after my arrival yours of the 23d ult. came to hand and soothed my troubled spirit.

My business is in the Court of Appeals, and the Court does not sit till the first Monday in May. But if a visit to Columbia would be unpleasant to you, my business can be entrusted to other counsel, and we will return as you desire by the way of Augusta. I will make arrangements for a carriage and horses to meet us there. Had we not better take an excursion into the upper part of Georgia from Augusta? We can travel slowly and at our leisure. There will be time enough, however, to talk of this when we meet. I will not loiter on my journey to Charleston. I shall be there on the 22d, if nothing happens. I will not postpone one day nor one hour. Without some accident by stage or railroad, I shall be in town on Saturday evening before the 25th.

The ensuing week we have Court at this place and the week after at Spartanburgh, and thence we go to Laurens Court House, which place I will leave on Thursday, so as to reach Charleston as I have above stated. Until I see you I shall be very much engaged in the Courts and shall barely have time to write occasionally a short letter.

You observe in your letter, which I received at Anderson Court House, that I had not given you yet a description of my house. I was in hopes to have had it completed by the first of May so that I could have shown

you the building itself finished on your arrival here. But really there is more delay and trouble in building than I was aware of. I am much provoked at the slow progress made with my house. But let me give you a brief description. Picture to yourself a house forty-six feet by twenty feet, two stories, four rooms, a wide passage above and below, double portico in front, large double windows extending very low and square roof, and the building raised seven feet above the ground, and a cellar beneath with two rooms, and seated under some large oak trees, and you have an idea of the house I am building. Hereafter I will add to it a wing from the rear, with a portico or half piazza between the main building and the wing.

But I must quit this description as my sheet is pretty well filled. I saw your particular friend, Mr. Gregory, at Anderson. He told me he had seen you very recently and I was glad to see him for that alone. I have not yet seen Mr. Croft although I have understood he arrived. Since my return from the Circuit I have scarcely had time to leave my office. Give my love to your mother and sisters, and believe me to be most sincerely yours.

B. F. PERRY.

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GREENVILLE C. H., April 8th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—It is now ten o'clock in the night, and I have just left the Court after a most fatiguing and laborious week's work. You can form no idea of the professional labor which I have this week rendered my clients, and in the morning I have to start for Spartanburgh Court. I scarcely had time to go to the post-office on Tuesday evening and get your letter.

The day after writing you last, I took dinner with Mr. Croft. He told me a great deal of news from Charleston. General Thompson informed me to-day in Court that he had received an invitation to your cousin's wedding on the 25th of May—the Miss Haynes to Mr. Taylor and Colonel Martin.

I am very glad to hear that your mother wishes me to hasten the building of my own house, so as to have an opportunity of attending to hers. I hope she will visit the upper country sooner than June, which is the time Mr. Croft says she speaks of coming up.

In your last letter you inform me that if any of your arrangements are not understood, I must write you on the subject. I believe I under-

stand them all sufficiently and will make mine accordingly. I shall return from Spartanburgh the last of the week, and then all my arrangements must be speedily made before I go to Laurens Court. I am very much afraid that some of the beaux who were to accompany me will not be able to do so, but I will inform you more fully in my next. If I have time I will write you from Spartanburgh Court the coming week. As "the day" approaches I think we might write twice every week instead of once. But, my dear Lizzy, it seems to me that for several weeks past I have not had time to write a single letter as I could wish. And after being so much "bothered" with clients, courts, etc., I feel indisposed to write, or rather unfit to write. This is very much my situation to-night. I have made so many speeches in Court and talked so much out of Court, that my voice is almost broken down.

I hope you will excuse this letter, as well as two or three others which you have lately received from me. If you knew how much fatigued I am, I am sure you would make great allowances.

Give my love to the family, and believe me to be yours most sincerely. Oh, Lizzy, if I had the power of destroying the few days which must intervene before we meet, how happy would I be. But it is too true, two weeks, two long, long weeks must pass by before I see you.

Good-night, my darling,

B. F. PERRY.

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SPARTANBURGH C. H., April 10th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy:*—I arrived here last evening, and having more leisure than I have had for two or three weeks past, I will write you again, although I wrote a long letter the evening before I left Greenville.

Judge Earle expresses some anxiety to be at our wedding, but says he cannot reach Charleston before Thursday evening, 27th inst. He is under the necessity of returning home from Laurens Court, and proposes to go down to Aiken in his carriage, and there leave the carriage, horses and coachman at my service, to do with and keep as long as I see proper. If then it will not interfere with any arrangements already made by you, the 25th can be made the 27th, in order to have the Judge present. He has always been a bosom friend of mine and I am under great obligations to him, and should like very much to have the pleasure of his presence on an occasion so important. If, however, any arrangements have been



made that cannot be postponed conveniently, we must not pleasure the Judge so far as to wait for him.

I shall still go on from Laurens Court, and will be in Charleston on Saturday night, the 22d. I think it likely Colonels Herndon and Fair will go with me, and Mr. Gantt will meet me in town on Monday. Judge Earle will be there on Thursday. We will leave on Friday morning by the railroad to Aiken, there we will take Judge Earle's carriage, horses and driver and go where we please.

Mrs. Coleman is anxious to know the day we are to arrive in Greenville, so as to make some preparation for our reception. I told her that I could not determine on any particular day for returning to Greenville.

You do not know, my dear Lizzy, how anxious I am for the day to arrive when we are to meet again, and oh, how dull and dreary is my time. Business has few charms for me.

You must excuse the shortness of this letter as I am writing in my co-partner's law office.

Ever yours, my dear,

B. F. PERRY.

GREENVILLE C. H., April 15th, 1837.

*My Dear Lizzy*:—I have written to you so often during the past week that I am almost afraid my letters will be troublesome. But having just received yours of the 6th inst., I cannot forego the pleasure of answering it. I was only jesting when I remarked the different arrangements we had made. In order to show you that I will not be surpassed in "yielding," I have only to say that all the arrangements you have made meet my entire approbation. After reflection, I am satisfied that it will be more pleasant to leave town the next day, and in all probability your stay in Columbia might be unpleasant. We will therefore leave for Aiken by the railroad, and thence to Greenville in Judge Earle's carriage, which will be in readiness for us at Aiken. My business in the Court of Appeals shall be entrusted to Colonel Herndon or Colonel Fair, who will return to Columbia and attend to it with pleasure.

I wrote you from Spartanburgh as to the wish of Judge Earle, that Thursday should be substituted in the place of Tuesday, so that he may have time to reach town. But, as I stated in my last letter, if any arrangements have been made for Tuesday, we will not delay for his Honor, although he may not arrive in time.



Your acquaintance and friend, Mrs. <sup>Howe</sup>Towas, of Spartanburgh, was exceedingly inquisitive to know when I was going to Charleston? How long I expected to be gone? Who would return with me? And whether I would not call on them or go down that way? etc. She expresses great friendship and kindness for your mother and family, and being a particular friend of mine, she said she was much rejoiced at the news she had heard about me.

I saw Mr. Croft this morning. Tell his good lady that the old gentleman is quite well and looks younger. He says he will send down for Mrs. Croft the first of May.

We have a good deal of company at the Mansion House at present. Captain Williams and lady and family, whom you saw last Summer, are here and will remain all Summer. There are several other engineers and their ladies.

This is the last letter I shall have the pleasure of writing to you until we meet again, or rather it is the last letter I expect to address to "Miss Elizabeth F. McCall." When I write you again I hope the address will be different. I shall leave on Monday morning for Laurens Court, and will be in Charleston on Saturday night if nothing happens. If I get to town before the bell rings I shall see you, and repay one of the kisses which I stole from you when we parted last. You may expect me till nine o'clock, and I hope you will not expect me in vain.

I must now bid you adieu. I would that I could travel as fast as my letter. Give my love to your mother and sisters. It will give me sincere pleasure to meet them also. They already appear to me as near and dear relations.

God bless you, my dear darling Lizzy. A few more days and I will meet you as my own, and I pray that our lives may be happy—as happy as yours deserves to be.

Farewell.

B. F. PERRY.

MR. SMITH'S, July 25th, 1837.

*My Dear Wife* :—I am very much fatigued, but will not break the promise you exacted from me on leaving you to-day. Indeed I cannot when I think of the kisses you gave me by way of recompense for the letter.

The first eleven miles I spent in reading Tucker's "Life of Jefferson," and thinking of you. I wondered what you were doing, whether you were writing in your journal, conversing with Mrs. Cunningham or

thinking of me. You may suppose, my love, and vanity induced me to think the latter.

But to my passage here. I dined at —— eleven miles from the village, made a very hearty dinner on cabbage and bacon, peach pie, and molasses and buttermilk. And I do assure you that I never enjoyed a dinner at the Mansion House more than I did this one, and it was a very good one, too.

I met the stage here to-night from Aiken with three or four ladies only. I have not heard their names. They are bound for Greenville. The rail cars did not arrive at Aiken yesterday evening; some accident must have happened. This will cause the next stage to be crowded. I am very much afraid we shall meet with some difficulty in getting our seats. Mr. Mauldin has stopped at Cambridge, and expects to go up in the next stage. There will be the last car full and the one to-morrow all for one stage. So if you should not see us on Friday, you must not be alarmed, for I think it exceedingly probable that you will not. Tell Mrs. Cunningham I place you under her care and protection, knowing that she will accept the charge most cheerfully; and, no doubt, she wishes me to stay a month, so that she may have the more of your company.

The weather is pleasant, but I am writing in a room filled with I don't know whom, and cannot write with much pleasure where persons are not only looking at me, but actually looking over my shoulders.

The ride down here was very pleasant, it was over the same road that we travelled last fall when we were courting, and the same road that we passed over this spring after our marriage. I saw many objects to remind me of both rides. I stopped a few minutes at McCullough's where we staid all night last fall.

I hope that I may meet your mother to-morrow night and that we may get seats back. The stage leaves here at one o'clock to-night, and so I must bid you farewell. Oh, my wife, you do not know how often I think of you, and how earnestly I wish to return to you and receive another kiss from those sweet lips of yours.

Adieu. Your husband,

B. F. PERRY,

AIKEN, July 26th, 1837.

*My Dear Wife* :—Just as I anticipated and predicted to you in my last letter from Mr. Smith's, we are to be detained here till Sunday morning. Your mother and sisters are here and all well, also Major Hayne. They seem to be more disappointed than I am. But we have engaged our seats for Sunday morning and you will certainly see us on Monday next. All our friends in Charleston are well. Miss Anne and Miss Susan look remarkably well and seem to be in good spirits though much fatigued. They say that some forty or fifty of their friends called to see them in town last night.

I have barely time to tell you the bad news of our disappointment. I wrote you from Smith's and hope Henning sent you the letter ; if not send up and get it.

I have more time then than I have now.

My dear wife, you must enjoy yourself with Mrs. Cunningham the best you can. I shall see you on Monday.

Your loving husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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ANDERSON C. H., Monday night, October 16th.

*My Dear Wife* :—I am always anxious to have an opportunity of writing to you, when I am absent. If I am in Greenville I wish to be with you, and if away I wish to be writing to you. There are few persons, my dear wife, who have loved with that devotion and idolatry of heart which has characterized my love. It increases with the time we have been married, and it will go on increasing until death separates us. I have frequently thought that every feeling of my nature and every affection of my heart were concentrated in you. To every other being in this world, I am almost indifferent. There is truth in the remark which your sisters made respecting me this summer, "that I thought of no one but Lizzy." In this I am selfish and proud of my selfishness. I do not believe in a divided allegiance.

But my darling, I have not time to comment further on my love. I have been interrupted two or three times since I commenced writing. Mr. Maverick has just left my room after a long consultation about his land cases and Mr. F. Burt has been in on business. I have eight or ten important cases in Court, some of them will be tried to-morrow. But I can-



not expect to be as fortunate with them as I was with my cases at Pickens. I can always give a pretty good guess as to my success.

I arrived here on Sunday evening very tired and very hungry, not having ate anything after leaving Greenville. I found Judge Butler here who enquired after your mother, etc., and was much surprised to hear they had gone to town. Mr. Burt enquired very kindly after your health, etc.

Mr. Duncan reached here this evening from Greenville, but was not able to give me any information of interest as to the village. When I shall be able to leave here is altogether uncertain. I hope Thursday or Friday, but very likely not till Saturday. It is altogether uncertain. You must write me by Thursday's mail. Put your letter in the office before five o'clock Wednesday evening. You will have all day to write. And it will be so pleasant to receive a letter from you. It will also give me great satisfaction to hear that you are well and not low in spirits. Let me hear all the news,—whether you have heard from your mother who has left the Mansion House, how you spend your time, what they are doing at our house and kitchen, etc.

I am interrupted so often that I will close my letter. Almost a dozen persons have been in the room since I commenced writing.

Your affectionate and loving husband,

B. F. PERRY.

Tuesday Morning.

*My Dear Wife*.:—After writing you last night I took up a book whose title is "Young Ladies' Library," in seven or eight volumes, and never was I more deeply interested in a work of that character. I will purchase it for you this winter if it is to be found in Charleston or Columbia. It is a most invaluable book, and treats a little of every thing relative to the conduct, education and management of young ladies, the employment of their time, influence, education, dress, dancing, music, friends, visitors, household affairs. In fact everything worth a young lady's study.

I am now satisfied I shall not be able to leave here before the last of the week, perhaps not till Saturday. I will write you again by Mr. Duncan who will leave Wednesday or Thursday. You must be certain to write me on to-morrow.

I wish you had come over with me. I have a fine room and this is a most capital house, pleasant and quiet chambers. And if you were here I should remain with pleasure. But as it is I am like a man on a bed of thorns. Dear Lizzy, good morning.

Yours, my wife,

B. F. PERRY.



ANDERSON C. H., Wednesday night.

*My Dear Wife:*—Mr. Duncan leaves here in the morning for Greenville, and I will not forego the pleasure of writing to you, although it is now eight o'clock in the night, and I have just left the Court House after a most laborious trial of one of my cases. That good luck which seemed to hover over me at Pickens has not yet deserted me in Anderson. The first one of my cases was tried to-day. It was a land case of Mr. Duncan's, and the jury have just returned a verdict in my favor. The case was a matter of some consequence and excited a good deal of feeling and interest. I am very proud of our success in the case, and Mr. Duncan seems equally well pleased.

When I shall be able to return to you, my dear wife, is yet uncertain, perhaps not till Sunday. We get on very slowly, only one of my cases has been tried, and I have five more of importance to try. But I assure you that a poor fellow was never detained from his love more reluctantly. I am so restless and impatient that even success in my cases cannot reconcile me to the Court.

I am very much in hopes that I shall hear from you in the morning by the Greenville stages. If you only knew how much pleasure one line from you would give me, I am sure you would have written. But oh, if you have not written to me, low will be my spirits and how pained my heart. I wrote you on Tuesday and supposed you received the letter. I will write you again on Friday, if possible.

I have just been struck with a most wonderful metamorphosis. Some years since I knew a little girl at school in Greenville, the youngest daughter of Mr. Maverick. She was a pretty and pleasant little girl when I last saw her, quite a girl in her appearance and manners. To-day I saw a lady come to the dinner table and take her seat opposite me, who looked as if she might weigh three hundred and was at least forty years old (allowing for a little exaggeration). She was just from New York on her way to Pendleton, in company with her husband, and was Miss Lydia Maverick (quondam). Never did I see so wonderful a metamorphosis before in the shape of woman.

I have read some little further in the "Young Lady's Library." One chapter on the subject of a young lady choosing her friends seems to me almost a repetition of a conversation which you heard between your mother and myself. We must not choose our friends too hastily, nor abandon them for every little fault. There are none who are perfect, and we must not expect perfection in our friends. No two minds are cast exactly alike. On the subject of "gossip," "company," etc., I thought

Mrs. ——— might derive advantage from the perusal of it. But it is a work of great value to every one.

I suppose you have heard before this time from your mother. The weather since she left has been very favorable. I suppose the Mansion House is getting pretty thin—perhaps I should say pretty full—for the races have commenced. But I care but little for the sport and much less for the company ordinarily attracted by it—<sup>jockey,</sup> fakirs and gamblers, swindlers and idlers, etc.

How comes on the house and kitchen? What have you been doing I am just employed in another case and must stop to talk with my client. God bless you, my darling, good night.

Yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

ANDERSON C. H., October 19th.

*My Dear Lizzy:*—I received to-day your letter, which is the first one ever received from you in which I was addressed as “My dear husband.” You do not know, my dear wife, what sincere pleasure the using of this epithet, for the first time, in a letter addressed to me, gave my throbbing heart. It filled my bosom with emotions which I cannot describe.

I can assure you that I never received a letter which gave me greater pleasure. I was in the Court House when the stage arrived and immediately left for the post-office. The Postmaster had started with the letter in his hand to give me in the Court House. He knew, I suppose, it was from my wife, and conjectured my anxiety to receive it. I went to the post-office and missed him, returned into Court and found him in the crowd with the letter in his hat. He is a particular friend of mine and a very clever man. I took the letter, went to the bar and seated myself amongst the lawyers, and read every word with deep interest whilst Mr. <sup>Bush</sup> was making a speech.

How much the heart that truly loves appreciates every assurance of love from the object of its passion! I read with peculiar delight every expression of your feelings, and would not take a thousand dollars for each word contained in your letter.

I am glad to hear how pleasantly you spend your time. I hope you will bring up your journal to the present time before I return. The house will have something worth seeing before my return. But whenever I think of my detention here I am in great distress. But oh, the pleasure of meeting you. I begin to believe a short absence increases love. A

week, however, is too long an absence. What shall I do this Winter? How pleasant it would be to have you in Columbia. But more of this when we meet. I will now give you some further information relative to my cases.

I wrote you last night by Mr. Duncan, that one of my cases had been decided in my favor. To-day we have tried three more of them. I have gained two and lost one of them. Two more are to be put off to-morrow morning till next Court. This will leave me but one more to try. If it was not for this one, I could go in the stage to-morrow. But this is a case of some importance, and one in which I was employed last night. My business is beginning to increase pretty rapidly. I have made several hundred dollars this Court, but have not yet received one dollar of the money. The fees are all certain, however. It affords me much greater pleasure now to make money than it formerly did. I hope in a year or two that we shall have an ample income—an income sufficient to live on in handsome style, but not to spend with a prodigal's hand.

I am not yet able to say when I shall be able to get off; perhaps on Saturday morning. Judge Butler has given me an invitation to return with him, but if I can procure a horse I will leave before he does. Since the continuance of my cases, I think it likely Court will adjourn to-morrow night. If so, I will see you, my dear wife, on Saturday evening.

It is now past ten o'clock and I must bid you good night. I have written in a great hurry and you must excuse the scrawl.

Ever your loving and devoted husband,

B. F. PERRY.

I suppose you have heard from your mother before this. I am sorry your Aunt Emily has left. I should liked to have seen her before she started.

Arthur Simpkins arrived here this evening on his way to Pendleton after Miss Maria. I have barely had time to speak to him, as I did not leave the Court House till dark, and had my room full of clients ever since till within a few minutes past.







LIBRARY AT SANS-SOUCI.

PICKENS C. H., Tuesday night.

*My Dear Wife:*—I am very much fatigued and worried, but will compose myself for a few minutes to write you by Colonel Towns, who starts in the morning for Greenville.

I have been very much engaged since my arrival here on Sunday evening, and have not had the same general success with my cases which I had last Court. But they have been all very trifling ones—indictments for fighting. The most important which I have has been postponed till next Court. We commenced one to-day for stealing a free negro boy, in which I have been employed since my arrival. It is not finished. General Whitner and myself have speeches to make in the morning. Mr. Young made his this evening. I get a pretty good fee, and hope we may be able to acquit the defendants, but it is very doubtful. The will case of Mr. Choice's which you heard me mention will be tried Thursday, and I hope to be at home on Friday night. I have done pretty well in the way of business.

I have met here my two brothers, Josiah and Foster. They inquired kindly after you, and informed me that all of my father's family are well.

I inquired of Mr. Young if you were at the breakfast table on Sunday morning; and you do not know how much pleasure it gave me to hear from you, even one hour after I had left you. He said you were at the table and quite well. My dear Liz, you have been present in my heart and mind, awake and asleep, ever since I left. The first thing I thought of in the morning after waking or half waking, was yourself. More than once I turned over and put out my arms to encircle you in them and found nothing but my pillow and coverlet to touch. How much would I have given only to have seen your face and that sleepy smile which it wears in the morning. I believe that a short absence makes me love you more, or rather feel my love more sensibly. I will not admit that anything can increase the ardor of my feelings towards you. But I am not sensible of the extent of my passion for you till I am away from you. But my absence should not be more than two or three days, or a week. It is painful for it to be longer.

I hope you went to Mrs Croft's on Sunday and took dinner with her ladyship, and that you spend your time pleasantly in my absence. I assure you it gives me great pain to think you are lonely or not spending your time pleasantly. I often think and am afraid that you are in the room gloomy, lonesome and sad, and how I wish to be with you, to talk to you and press you to my heart. I hope you walk out and go over to the house and look at the vegetables in the garden, and amuse yourself with Mrs. Williams.

As soon as I can break off from Court, you may expect to see me at home, I hope on Friday evening. It is now late in the night, and I have to think of my speech for to-morrow. There is great noise too in the next room. I have the same room that we had last Summer, and I assure you it has endeared it to me. I think of your having laid in the bed whenever I look towards it. Colonel Towns and Mr. Roberts occupy a bed in the same room, but at present are out.

Give my respects to Captain and Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Coleman, if you think proper, or they should inquire whether you have received a letter from me. How comes on Bancroft and the sheets, etc.? Does your pocket change hold out?

Adieu, my dear wife, and God bless you.

B. F. PERRY.

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PICKENS C. H., Wednesday night.

*My Dear Wife* :—I understand from Mr. Choice that he will leave for Greenville to-morrow evening and I will avail myself of the opportunity of writing a few lines by him. But I assure you, my dear wife, that I have no time to deal in sentiment or to express the very great anxiety I have to return and press you to my bosom.

In all probability I may be able to get off on Friday morning, though I may be detained here till Saturday. I have had something to do in every case of consequence that has been tried, and what is remarkable I have succeeded in all of them. I have not lost a single case this week little or big. Two of my most important cases are yet undecided, one will be tried to-morrow and the other has been put off till next Spring Court. If I succeed in the one to-morrow I shall get a very handsome fee, several hundred dollars. I have been employed in a good deal of new business. But I have said enough about my business. I know ladies can take no interest in such matters.

I am now seated in the little room which we occupied in June, and how much that fact has endeared this room to me. To my "mind's eye" I can see you seated at the window reading the "Pilgrims of the Rhine" or near the fire-place listening to Milton. But oh! I look round and it is all a delusion! You are far away, perhaps not thinking of me.

Judge Butler will go from here to Anderson, and will not return by the way of Greenville, though he is anxious to do so. We had a pleasant ride on Sunday notwithstanding the day. We talked incessantly and of



everything, the ladies were not forgotten, tell Miss Susan and Miss Anne that they were not forgotten by his Honor or myself, nor was your mother; you were first in my thoughts, but too sacred to speak of, in ordinary conversation. It would have been like speaking of myself.

I shall get a horse of Mr. Norton if I can leave on Friday, if not I shall go in the stage on Saturday morning. Butler says he thinks I am more anxious to leave Court than I ever was before. And I assured him he was correct. Nothing but the very important case I am concerned in could keep me a day longer.

Now let me tell you how I have been employed since my arrival here. Monday I defended a man for fighting, and another for stealing a hog (a grown-up pig), they were both acquitted. I also had several smaller cases on the civil side of the Court which I gained. Tuesday I was all day in defending a man charged with stealing a cow, the same case tried over again which I wrote you an account of last Spring, he was acquitted this time. To-day, Wednesday I have been all day in trying a land case in which we succeeded. If my good fortune will only continue to-morrow!

How have you spent your time! in writing in your journal, reading, looking at the house, talking and working? I am anxious to see how much has been done on the house and kitchen.

I hope to find some of the company missing, on my return to the Mansion house. But above all things I hope to return as soon as possible. Colonel Towns has just been in my room and thinks I am yet in love from the fact of my writing you and that my letter will not reach much sooner than I do myself.

Adieu, my dear wife, yours,

B. F. PERRY.

Thursday morning.

Colonel Towns leaves here this morning and I will send this letter by him. I have nothing now to add to what I wrote last night. I still think I shall be able to reach home on Friday evening.



ANDERSON C. H., Monday night.

*My Dear Wife.*—I left the Court House this morning as soon as I found out the stage had arrived, hoping that you had been kind enough to write me, and I assure you that I never received a letter with more pleasure. The Postmaster was just about starting with it to hand me in Court, and excused himself for being tardy. He inquired with some interest how I had left "Mrs. Perry," and I thought he seemed afraid something was the matter, from the fact of my receiving a letter so soon after my leaving home.

You do not know, my dear wife, with how much interest I read your letter the second time, and now have it lying before me on the table. It gave me great pleasure to know every little movement of yours on Sunday after I had left home—that you read the prayer book, lay on the bed, looked over a chapter in Bancroft, went down to dinner, etc. All these little matters which could be of no interest to anyone except a loving husband, were to my heart and feelings full of the liveliest pleasure. Oh, how I dreamed of you last night. Me thought you had presented me with a little son. I have a most vivid and distinct recollection of its features, so much so that I really believe I should recognize the little creature if I were to see it, at least that I shall know it by the dream when I do see it.

You have often told me that my letters last Fall from Anderson were the most interesting that I ever wrote you. I am sorry that there is no probability of the present one being like those, although it is written from the same place, in the same room, and on the same table, with a heart which I am sure has lost none of its devotion and affection during the last six months. No, Liz, however far this letter may fall short of exciting in your bosom the same gratification which those did last Fall, I know full well that my love for you has increased with every minute that has passed over our heads. When I first saw you my heart was smitten with your beauty. When I became acquainted with you, I loved you for your virtues, your intelligence and your amiability. When our lives and fortunes, for good or for evil, were connected by the sacred tie of marriage, I felt towards you as a part and parcel of myself. When I became better acquainted with you, as time passed on, I felt all the conscious pride which love must feel in knowing that we have not been disappointed in our love, and that the object of our passionate devotion is all that love dreamed it to be.

I very often think, my dear wife, that there are few persons who have lived twelve months together as husband and wife in such perfect harmony and affection. It is true that both of us, like passionate lovers, have had our occasional fits of "tantrums," which have been few and far

between, and always passed over in two or three minutes and left our hearts more full than ever. But I will not talk any longer of love for fear I may commence and court you over again before I close my letter.

I had, as you wished me, a very pleasant ride with Judge Gantt. I gave Mrs. Gantt the apples you sent, and which she received kindly. She praised them and seemed to value them, and inquired after your health, etc. We reached Anderson about four o'clock in the afternoon. There is not likely to be much business in court. I think we shall adjourn on Wednesday evening. The most important cases which I had here will be put off till next court. I tried one little assault and battery to-day and the fellow was convicted. A case of Mr. Perry Duncan's will be tried to-morrow. There is a case of murder to be tried on Wednesday. I am not, however, employed in it. I have got some additional cases since I arrived here.

I did not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Armstead Burt here. He will not be at Greenville; Mr. Wardlow will, though he is not here. General Whitner's lady has given him another child, and she is doing quite well. I believe he has six children; and it seems but the other day I walked with his wife as groomsman to Dr. Robinson. So quickly does the human family multiply and increase; so quickly, I might say, do they fulfil the Scriptures.

I have been reading the "Young Lady's Library" again. It is the most valuable book for a young lady that I ever saw. I will purchase it for you some day. I hope you visit the house and see that everything is going on well—that poor Sheriff is at work—he is a good-hearted fellow with all of his rascality. If he is not at work with Colonel Hoke on the streets, make him clean all of your brass, wash the outside of the windows, make potato hills or ridges and plant potatoes, and make tables and benches for the kitchen.

I hope you have received a letter from your mother, and that they are all well.

I must now bid you adieu, my dear wife.

B. F. PERRY.

[The next letters were to Mrs. Perry while visiting in Charleston City.]

COLUMBIA, Thursday, November 30th, 3 P. M.

*My Dear Wife*.—I have hardly time to inform you that I reached this place about five o'clock this morning, not having slept any and very much fatigued. I had to go into the Court of Appeals immediately after breakfast to argue one of my cases which was waiting my arrival, thence to the Legislature, which I have just left, and have not yet had time to eat dinner. What the decision of the Judges will be in the case argued I am unable to say.

I saw Mr. Wm. E. Hayne and Colonel Martin and Colonel Taylor this morning. I am rather afraid that Mr. Hayne's prospects are not so good as I thought. I staid too long in town. But I have been very active to-day in his behalf. The Greenville delegation will be equally divided. From Newberry I have gained two and two more from the Pedee county. His prospects are growing better.

I saw Governor Butler this morning. He says he and Mrs. Butler have written to Anne to come and spend the session with them, and is anxious for you to come also, and says you might towards the latter part of the session. You do not know, Liz, how much pleasure it would afford me for you to do so. I feel already as if I had been separated from you a month. How I shall be able to spend the session, three long weeks, without the smiles and sweet tones of my dear Liz, I know not. If you were only here it would be so delightful. I think of you every minute in the day and wonder to myself what you are doing and how you are spending your time. I am more anxious to hear from you than I ever was in my life. Write me every day. My time is not my own or I would do the same.

Nothing of interest has yet occurred in the Legislature. It is thought the elections will come on next Saturday. The session will be a short one. I have taken lodgings at Clark's Hotel and much pleased with the house. I came up in company with several acquaintances as far as Branchville, and Mr. W. Huger and others to this place. I have heard from Greenville two or three times, letters from Wells, Blasingame and others. The plastering of our house is finished. Judge Gantt inquired most kindly about you and spoke of my house as the handsomest he had seen, and alluded to my happiness; says he is anxious for us to be social and intimate with his family, that his afflictions have prevented his paying us the attentions he intended. All the Judges inquired about you this morning when I made my appearance in the Court of Appeals, and also Colonel Fair with much interest, and many others.



But, my dear wife, I must conclude. I am hurried, and worried by the loss of sleep, too much, to think at all.

God bless you and protect you. Give my love to the family.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA S. C., Sunday morning, December 3d.

*My Dear Liz* :—Your letter was handed me this morning, by the bar-keeper, who goes to the post-office whilst the members are at breakfast. I read it with great interest and went to the State House immediately for the purpose of answering it, but could not get admittance, to-day being Sunday. I mention this as an apology for the paper on which I am writing. It is a sheet, and the only sheet, I could get in the bar-room.

So far from being displeased at your purchases, I am very much gratified and especially to know that you have pleased your own fancy. You are no doubt right in getting good carpeting although you have more to pay for it. I am not disposed to "scold" you for anything you have purchased, but hope you will go on in making your purchases as to your "experience" and good judgment may seem best.

I have been looking at silver cups, teaspoons and butter knives, and am very much pleased with some I have seen: cups, very beautiful, at twelve and fifteen dollars, teaspoons at twelve dollars, butter knives, most beautiful and silver, at six and seven dollars. But I will not make any purchase at present. There are two very fine stores of this description in Columbia.

I am glad to hear that you and the young ladies are pleased with the diamond rings. I hope they will always wear them as a memento of my love and respect for them. I have a great fondness for jewels and think nothing so appropriate for a handsome gift. They wear always, and are like the feeling should be which makes the gift—enduring, bright and indestructible.

Nothing of interest has yet been done in the Legislature. I have risen two or three times to make a few remarks, and my usual good luck attended me in being successful in the motions which I made. Mr. Hayne's election will not come on till Tuesday. I think his chance of success pretty good. Considerable exertions have been made for him. I have done all I can. I met Walker and told him I was going to exert



my influence against him. He said he thought none the less of me, but I could perceive that he was a good deal chagrined.

Mr. Albert Rhett inquired how you were the other evening and when I had left you, and replied that I was certainly fulfilling the part of a good husband. I am much pleased with Rhett. His course in the Legislature is marked by a noble and manly bearing on all questions. He is a man of decided talent and ability and will one day be an honor to his country.

I went with Doctor Blanding the other day, accompanied by Colonel ~~Harper~~ and others, to the cotton factory near this place, and on our return we took tea with Dr. Blanding. He entertained us quite handsomely with wine, fruits, cake and music. His wife and little daughter were the only ladies present.

The College Commencement is on Monday, and the ball soon afterwards, at this house. I do not know that I shall attend either.

It is thought that the Legislature will adjourn about the 16th inst. If so, I shall be much delighted. How I long to see you, my dear wife, and press you once more to that heart which loves you so fondly.

Yours affectionately,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Wednesday morning, December 6.

*My Dear Wife:*—You must not wait for me to answer all of your letters. You have time to write and I have not. From the time I get up in the morning till eleven o'clock in the night, I am constantly engaged in the Legislature, or the Court of Appeals, or on Committees.

Your letter yesterday gave me great pleasure, and I was becoming exceedingly anxious to hear from you again. I asked Mr. Hayne if he had heard from home, and whether anything was said about you and your mother.

There was one balloting for Comptroller yesterday—Walker, 68; Hayne, 54, and Brown, 27. No election made. Brown has withdrawn, and the result will be known this evening. I will keep my letter open to write you, but I fear Walker will be successful. He is a better hand to electioneer than Mr. Hayne. I have done all I could, but I was not able to do much. Those members over whom I might have had some influence were pretty much pledged to Walker on my return from town.

We had considerable discussion in the Legislature yesterday, and I made several short speeches and was successful in all of them. Gordon and Philips, of Charleston, made long speeches in favor of extending the prison bounds to the districts, which I opposed and defeated with the assistance of Rhett and Dudley. There was also a bill introduced by Colonel Harper <sup>to</sup> to punish some kind of manslaughter with death, which I opposed in a speech of some warmth, and defeated with the assistance of Colonel Memminger.

On my return from the Committee Monday night about ten o'clock, I found this house of Clark's filled with some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, dancing, waltzing, talking, walking and standing. A splendid band of music was playing in the large entry, and which sounded like thunder. The ladies were dressed in a most rich and gaudy style—bad taste, I thought. I will describe one. She had a white dress of the richest and most costly material (I can't name the material), over which she wore a red scarlet silk velvet jacket coming down to her waist and fitting very close. She had on her head wreaths of flowers upon wreaths of flowers, and around her neck a profusion of jewelry. There was another with a red dress out and out, but they were all distinguished for head dresses. I saw Langdon Cheves waltzing with one, and it appeared that his arm in the whirl of the waltz had entirely encircled the slender and delicate waist of the fair lady whom he seemed to support with his hand. In the room there was a complete jam, ladies and gentlemen all squeezed up together. Colonel Player came up to where I was standing, looking on with Colonel Memminger, Frost and Colonel Edwards, and observed to me that it was pollution to enter the room where any one was suffered to go who would pay his five dollars. Governor Butler was dressed in full and rich uniform, sword and all, and had a young lady on his arm promenading the entry.

But, my dear wife, I looked around on all the groups of richly dressed belles, and saw none whose beauty could vie with yours—none whose faces wore such charms and smiles of beauty, loveliness and innocence. No, not one!

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.

P. S.—Mr. Hayne is elected by six votes. Send Word.

COLUMBIA, Saturday morning, December 10th.

*My Dear Wife* :—I received your letter yesterday informing me of the death of Judge Pickett, and I was truly shocked at the intelligence. His death is to be much lamented. From the short acquaintance which I had with him in Greenville, I was induced to think and speak of him in very high terms. He was a man of sense and considerable information, gentlemanly and unassuming in his manners, and possessed a kind heart and an amiable disposition—a combination of virtues which are by no means to be found in the character of every one.

I think with you, my dear wife, in saying that it should be a source of pride and gratification to Miss June to know that she excited so deep a feeling in the bosom of one whose heart was so noble. And it may be as you say all for the best, though we cannot see or understand it. Had Judge Pickett lived another twelve-month, Miss June might herself have been the victim of that wretched climate of Montgomery. I am one of those who in good and in evil, have always believed in the providence of God. And there is no one who is less inclined than myself to be disturbed or have my happiness destroyed by that which I cannot help.

I wished to write you yesterday, but had not time. I was appointed the chairman of a special committee on the formation of a new judicial district at Aiken, and had to make out my report and bill. I wrote constantly from five in the evening till eleven at night ; did not get up from my table except to go to supper, and then in the morning, yesterday, I was framing a bill, etc., until eleven o'clock. I have labored so hard that I have almost broken myself down. In the House I have been pretty active and very successful. In the Court of Appeals I lost the case of Colonel Jones against Mr. Dickey. It is sent back to Greenville for a new trial, but I will gain it before the jury again.

You must write me how you come on shopping. I have confidence in your judgment and "experience," and have no doubt you will be prudent and economical in all of your purchases. I wish that I had a fortune so that I might furnish you with, in your own language, "plenty of money."

I was invited to Colonel Hampton's last night to a grand and splendid party, but did not attend. The good people of Columbia are giving a great many balls, parties, dinners, etc. The ladies are crowding the galleries of the Representative Hall, and we are legislating encircled by beauty.

In great haste, your affectionate husband,

B. F. PERRY.



P. S.—The time of our adjournment is yet uncertain. It seems that I have been here a month. I never was so anxious to leave a place before, nor so impatient to see my wife.

B. F. P.

COLUMBIA, December 15, 1837. Thursday, P. M.

*My Dear Liz*.—I have just returned this evening from a dinner party at Governor Butler's, and having taken two or three glasses of champagne, I feel more affectionate than ever, and can only show my feelings by writing to you. There were some ten or fifteen persons at the dinner, and amongst them General Hayne, Judge O'Neil, Judge Evans, Judge Butler, Chancellor Harper, President of the Senate and the Speakers of the House of Representatives (Colonel Noble and Wardlaw), General Jones, General Whitner, Mr. Pettigru and Mr. Bennett. I went after the Legislature adjourned, in company with Pettigru and Bennett; the rest of the company had assembled, and were awaiting our arrival. The dinner was very good and the wine most excellent. Judge Butler and Pettigru seemed to contribute more to our social amusement than any others. Pettigru is a noble fellow, and one of nature's brightest and best of works. Judge Butler, too, is a man I sincerely love. My opinion of your Uncle Robert you have often heard me express. Judge Evans and Judge O'Neil are likewise my favorites. We had indeed a fine company. Judge Colcock was also with us. Pettigru and myself were the last to leave, the others stole off at different times. His Excellency was in fine spirits, and his entertainment was a good one.

I have received letters from Greenville saying that Colonel Dunham is building the smoke house; that the painter is busy at work, etc. Crook sends his and Mrs. Crook's respects to you. Mr. Hayden left here yesterday for Mobile, having just been admitted to the Bar. He gave me a present of a writing desk and begged to be remembered to you. Dr. Hardy, of Ashville, inquired very kindly after you; he was here on the subject of the railroad.

We have done a good deal in the Legislature lately. I made a speech the other day on the currency, which was listened to with great attention. To-day I spoke on the subject of making a new district at Aiken. Pettigru and others replied to me. The House became tired of the debate, and I rose to speak again, when the cry of "question" was heard. Instantly my feelings were aroused, and I had not uttered two words before

silence, death-like, prevailed. They saw from my manner that I was deeply excited.

Your affectionate husband,

B. F. PERRY.

P. S.—This morning I received another note from Governor and Mrs. Butler, requesting my company on Monday evening. I suppose there will be a grand display.

B. F. P.

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COLUMBIA, December 18th.—Sunday evening.

*My Dear Liz* :—I have just returned from a family dinner with your kinsman, Colonel Taylor. I expected to have returned in time to have written you by this evening's mail, but could not.

I found the Colonel and his lady quite happy and looking very well. I think Mrs. Taylor looks decidedly prettier than she did the night of our marriage. Whilst sitting at the head of the table I looked at her and thought I could discover some likeness to yourself—not so pretty, of course—but something alike. There were present at dinner Colonel Elmore and his lady, Colonel Chestnut, Mr. Albert Rhett, a Mr. Hall and your little cousin, Miss Hayne, and two other little girls. We spent our time very pleasantly, the ladies retired, and Rhett and myself talked over the affairs of the nation. Mrs. Rhett, an old acquaintance of mine, did not make her appearance. The reason I know not. You know that Colonel Taylor is living with his mother.

Your uncle, General Hayne, came to my room this morning and sat with me some time. He addressed the Legislature yesterday for two hours and a half on the subject of the railroad. The gallery was filled with ladies, and the House crowded with members, Senators and strangers. His speech was one of great ability, eloquence and practical sense, breathing throughout a glowing patriotism and devotion to South Carolina. It had the desired effect, and the security which he wished the State to guarantee was voted by a considerable majority.

On Friday evening we had quite an animated debate on the subject of Texas, in which I made a speech of some length in reply to Rhett, and which has been very highly complimented by my friends. Mr. Pettigru rose in his seat and thanked me in strong language for expressing his own feelings in such glowing and eloquent terms. He said to me afterwards in private, that he had no idea I could speak with such force and had such command of language. Colonel Fair pronounced it the best speech he had heard during the session. Mr. Seymour told me that although

opposed to me in sentiment, he was carried away by my eloquence, etc. I spoke under great excitement and was well pleased myself with the speech I made. The House listened with the deepest interest, and I could see the effects of what I said in the countenance of those who were looking at me. And I must confess that it was a proud gratification to me, to watch the features of my audience and see the effect of my language. I took my seat with as much pride as ever I felt in my life. Mr. Rhett replied in a short speech, and the debate was postponed till Monday. I may have to speak again on Monday.

My dear wife, you have no idea how impatient I am to see you. If you do not come with me to Columbia next Fall, I will not be a candidate for a seat in the Legislature again. Your presence is more to me than honor or wealth. Your last letter gave me great pleasure, and I hope to hear from you again on Tuesday morning.

I am not at all "gloomy and sad," but in a fine humor, and not at all displeased with you in spending money, but only wish that I had as much as you could wish to spend.

We have had weather and prospect of a great deal of rain.

Remember me to all the family, and may God bless you, my dear wife.

Yours in love, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Saturday night.

*My Dear Wife*.—I was very much distressed this morning at receiving a letter from you, expressing your disappointment at not hearing from me. My darling wife, do you think me capable of neglecting you? I am sure you cannot. At the very time you were expecting a letter from me, I was laboring harder than I ever did in my life, and thinking of you into the bargain, and wishing that I had time to write you. I do assure you, upon the honor of your husband, that my duties are so arduous and various that I have no rest or peace.

To-day we have had a good deal of discussion in the House, in which I took a part. It was proposed to adjourn the debate on the currency till Monday. This I opposed in a speech to the point, and was successful. Colonel Elmore introduced a bill to increase the salary of the Treasurer of the Upper Division. This I opposed in three or four short speeches, and succeeded, in opposition to Messrs. Toomer, Yeadon, Mills, Elmore, etc. The bill to indemnify the City Council of Charleston for burning the brig *Amelia*, and make an appropriation of \$12,000 for the same, was



opposed by Colonel Adams and advocated by myself, Colcock, Yeadon and Frost. I was again successful. In fact, I have succeeded in almost every measure which I have advocated. The bill to form a new Judicial District at Aiken was reported by me and will be discussed on Tuesday, and I fear that I shall not be able to carry it. In fact, I have no hope of it. The success I have had shows one or two things, either some influence or good judgment on my part.

There is to be an election for a Chancellor in the place of Judge Desausau this session. I wish that your Uncle Robert was here and would accept the office. We are disposed to give it to some Charleston man. Dunkin and Wardlaw are candidates. We could elect Wardlaw, but think the lower country ought to have some of the judges. They are now all of them in the upper country. The upper country has the strength, and if we unite can always elect whom we please.

I received a letter the other day from your uncle, Colonel A. P. Hayne, enclosing a sketch of his life, and also another letter from him introducing his brother-in-law, Colonel Alston. Colonel Alston handed me the letter in the State House when I was very busy and said he would see me again. I did not know at the time that it was a letter of introduction, and did not observe his features or appearance. After reading the letter, I felt mortified, but was not able to distinguish him among the crowd. I have not seen him since to know. I may have passed him often. I inquired of several for him but could get no information. I am very much chagrined at my own incivility towards him, but cannot help it. Strangers are very often handing me letters and papers on business, and this led to the mistake. I will write your uncle this week, thanking him for the biographical sketch he was kind enough to send me, and apologize for the mistake.

Dear Liz, I have engaged my seat for the 20th, and I will be in town the 21st. The Legislature adjourns on the 20th. My love and my prayers are with you.

Good-night.

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, May 8th, 1838.

*My Dear Liz:*—I have just arrived here, and have barely time to say that it is more than probable I shall be able to return to my wife and home on Sunday evening next. The business of the Court, so far, has been most rapidly despatched. Some of my cases had like to have been stricken from the docket in consequence of my absence. One has been tried and one continued. Mr. Wardlaw argued for me the one which was tried. Mr. Young and Colonel Irby will start home on Thursday morning. Mr. Burt is not here and will not be during the sitting of the Court, nor will General Whitner.

At Newbery, Chancellor Johnston and two other gentlemen got into the stage with me and we had a pleasant ride. His Honor became hungry, and your gingerbread and jumbles were produced by me, and we all did them ample justice. The Chancellor pronounced them very nice. Judge O'Neil, Mr. Wardlaw and Colonel Fair inquired after you. I have not seen any of the other judges, as I arrived here late this evening.

You do not know, my dear Liz, the anxiety I feel about you. I am afraid that you may become alarmed, being all alone; that you may be discontented, perplexed or unhappy during my absence; that something may go wrong, and that you have too much care on your hands. But I believe you to be pretty much of a heroine and a pretty good manager, and I feel assured that you will keep everything right. But I am more anxious to see you than ever, and will greet you with more pleasure and love than I ever did, for I never before left you in so interesting a situation—the mistress of a house—and I might add another situation which is far more interesting to me.

I hope you are feasting on strawberries and cream, and that you are making plenty of nice butter. I hope also that you have made the little dress which I left you bothered with; and also that you have received the articles sent for by Mr. Powell.

I have nothing more to write you and no time to write if I had. All of my briefs have yet to be made out, and I hope to be able to try some more of my cases to-morrow. I shall anxiously expect your letter on Friday evening, and you must write me again by the mails which leave on Saturday morning and Monday morning. If I do not get off Saturday morning, I shall not be able to return till next Friday week. So you must write me by every mail and tell me all the particulars of your house-keeping, etc.

I have not time to add more. Farewell, my dear wife, and believe me to be your loving and affectionate husband.

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., November 26th, 1838.

*My Dear Love*.—Having an opportunity of writing by Dr. Irvine, I will not omit doing so, as it will enable you to receive a letter from me one day sooner than you otherwise would by mail.

We had a pleasant trip down and good weather, but very cold weather since our arrival here. I have stopped at 'Thomas' Hotel, and Colonel Brockman, Powell and Stone are with me. We could not get in at Hamner's. This house is a pretty good one and I am quite comfortable.

The Legislature met to-day at twelve o'clock, and I had the honor of being called to the chair, on motion of Mr. Colcock, and organized the House by swearing the members and presiding till the Speaker was elected. It took about two hours, and I assure you that I presided with great dignity and performed well all the business of the House. Being called to the chair I considered quite an honor, as it is seldom bestowed on a man who has been only two years a member and a young man into the bargain. I thought of you whilst I was seated in the elevated seat of the Speaker, presiding over the House of Representatives of South Carolina, with the learning and talent of the State around me. I thought you would have liked to have seen your husband thus honored, and he would have been proud to have had your presence in the gallery. Mr. Wardlaw was elected unanimously Speaker, and I conducted him to the chair and resigned it to him. In the first place, however, I appointed Messrs. Phillips, Burt and Carroll to inform him of his election and bring him into the House. On taking his seat, he addressed the House in a very handsome speech.

I have seen to-day a great many of our friends and acquaintances. You told me I must write about them. I will begin with Judge Butler; he inquired very particularly after you, and whether Miss Anne was with us or had returned to Charleston. He inquired after his little daughter, and asked if I had seen her lately. I told him that you had, etc. Judge Johnson inquired after you, and said he had understood that you had been unwell, and so did Chancellor Dunkin. Mr. Albert Rhett inquired how you were, and said that he had understood that your sickness had prevented my attending the extra session last May.\* Mr. Rhett seemed surprised that I had consented to be a member again, and said he thought I was so devoted to my profession that I would not have served. Colonel Fair has just been to Charleston, and informed me of the death of old Mrs. Alston, mother-in-law of General Hayne. He inquired kindly about you, so did Mr. Burt and Colonel Dawkins. Mr. Burt and myself have the same desk and sit together in the Legislature. Colonel Martin

*We wish our first love*



has his wife with him and asked after you, etc. Colonel Dawkins also has his lady with him. I have not seen Taylor.

The Court of Appeals did nothing to-day; I was in Court about an hour. To-morrow the case of Calhoun will be tried, and your briefs will be given the Judges. I will dispose of them as you requested me.

I am writing about sundown, and have just come from the Legislature and have to return there to attend a committee, on which I was appointed this evening. You must therefore excuse this scrawl, and I will conclude by saying that you are constantly in my thoughts. It would be very gratifying to be seated with you before our cheerful fire about twenty minutes. What are you now doing? I suppose you are giving some order about supper. Perhaps you may be at Mrs. Cunningham's before this letter reaches you.

I long to hear from you and how you are doing, the news of the <sup>tot</sup> <sup>led</sup> how are the servants doing, the horse, the cow and pigs? etc.; the wedding? etc., etc.

My dear wife, kiss my miniature and believe it your husband. I have dreamed of you once or twice in my sleep.

I have not yet had time to purchase any presents for you except one or two books, which I will read you on my return, "~~the~~ Tocqueville's Democracy in America," etc.

It is now so dark that I cannot see, and I have no candle in my room. God bless you, my dear wife.

Your loving husband,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Friday evening.

*My Dear Lizzy*:—I am very much distressed that I have not heard from you, and had it not been for General Thompson's arrival I should have been more so. He told me, however, that Mrs. Thompson saw you on Saturday and that you were well. I also understand that no packages were received from Greenville last mail.

I have purchased a great many most beautiful presents for you in the way of books. You told me that you had rather have pretty books and pictures than anything else to adorn our centre table. I have purchased the "English Annual for 1839," "The Token for 1838," "The Magnolia " <sup>43</sup> Illustrations of Syria and Holy Land," large quarto with most splendid engravings. They are all magnificently bound and have the most beauti-

ful plates. I will send them to you by General Thompson's carriage, which returns to-morrow, with some other books which I have purchased.

I have just seen your Uncle Robert, he says all are well in Charleston. He brought his two sons to college and they have entered. I have seen Mr. William Ed. Hayne also. I saw Governor Butler yesterday. They all inquired about you. I was invited to Colonel McCords yesterday to a dinner party, but did not go. I am invited to-morrow to Governor Butler's, and he is to send his carriage for me and Burt.

The Legislature is not doing much yet, nor the Court of Appeals. I write you in great haste, but I have already written a much longer letter than Mr. Burt writes to his wife, which he does three times a week at our desk in my presence, and I might read one-half of them if I were disposed to look.

You must write me every mail and I will do the same. I gave your briefs to the Judges, and they spoke in praise of my great improvement in writing, all of which I will tell you when we meet.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., December 2d, 1838.

*My Dear Love* :—I have just returned from a dinner party at Governor Butler's, and will write you a few lines by Mr. Harrison, who returns to Greenville in General Thompson's carriage to-morrow morning. I also send you by Mr. Harrison a basket of books and papers, and also a bundle containing a backgammon board and chessmen. In the basket of books you will find some beautiful annuals, "The Magnolia," "The Token," "The Book of Beauty," "Illustrations of Syria and Holy Land." This last work is a most beautiful one, and you will read it and examine it with great interest. I also send you as a present a splendid family Bible, elegantly bound. You will also find in the collection "Inklings," "Scott's Napoleon," "London Magazine," "Portrait Gallery," third volume in numbers; "Watt's on the Mind," "Outward Bound," "Irving's Works," three bundles of paper and one large blank book; also "Statutes-at-Large" and "Political Ethics;" also "The Young Wife." I hope you will receive these books as valuable presents from your husband, as well as the casters and candle-sticks sent you by Mr. Wells.

I have not purchased a silver cup yet, as they are all pretty high, and I have made so many other purchases I may not do so at all. Your letters came in good time to-day, I was becoming very uneasy and read them

with great pleasure. The disappointment of Colonel Towns and his intended bride must have been great and shocking. I hope, however, he is now well enough to be married. If you think best, you can direct Mr. Hoke to purchase two or three more hogs and have them killed; that is, if you have good luck in salting away the one already killed. The money I will advance to you on my return.

I am very glad you have written a long letter to my mother, as it will afford the old lady great pleasure and make her love you the more. I know my parents to possess hearts filled with every kindness and affection honorable to our nature.

I spent a very pleasant evening at Governor Butler's. Colonel Preston, Judge Butler, General Thompson, Colonel McCord, Colonel Player, Mr. Burt, Mr. Cheves and Colonel Hammond and myself were the company. Judge Butler expressed great anxiety about his little daughter's health on hearing Greenville was sickly. I assured him there was no danger.

I have made only one speech in the Legislature, and that one quite short. It was in opposition to Dr. Findly's taking his seat in the Legislature because he held a disqualifying office under the State. My opposition prevailed.

My dear wife, write me every mail if it be but one line. I am beginning to be very anxious to see you and am constantly thinking of you. Good night.

Your loving husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Wednesday 5th, 1838.

*My Dear Wife:*—I have just been to the post office and learned that the Greenville mail did not come in last night. The mails were not exchanged at Newbery, and the same one which went up came back. You do not know how I am distressed. I would give almost any consideration to receive one line from you informing me that you were well and not unhappy or lonesome; how anxious I am to hear from you and know how you are doing. I have written to you three times a week since I have been here, and hope you received all my letters. I hope also that you have received my valuable presents by Mr. Wells and Mr. Harrison. I intend to purchase something else for you to present myself, in proper person.

Your Uncle Robert is still here, and I saw his two sons yesterday. They are in college, as I wrote you last week. I saw Colonel Taylor the



other day for the first time since my arrival here. He spoke of his "little boy" with great pride, and said he was not very well. I have not seen his wife nor Mrs. Martin. In fact, I have no time to see any one or do anything. To-day I shall be engaged in Court. The case of Cleveland's Will was taken up yesterday, but not finished.

You do not know how anxious I am to return to Greenville. I feel as if I never could wish to leave there again without you were with me. I am really homesick. I am tired to death with legislation. There is nothing doing of any interest in the Legislature. No speeches have been made by any one. I did not go to the commencement in college. The day was rainy and cold. I understand, however, the ladies turned out in great numbers. Mrs Wardlaw is here and was at the commencement, and I suppose at the ball. Yesterday there was a grand review of the militia. I saw Colonels Fair and Taylor in full uniform and looking very well.

I must now bid you adieu, my dear wife. Do write to me every mail, and write me every little thing that is going on.

I am your loving husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., December 7th, 1838.

*My Dear Love* :—I have neglected my business to-night for the purpose of writing you a long letter, or at least for the purpose of writing with more leisure than I have done heretofore. The rest of the members have all gone down to the State House to attend their different committees. The weather is cold, wet and disagreeable, and I am seated before a comfortable fire writing a letter to my dear Liz. Who, would you say, could be more agreeably employed? But, my dear wife, I do not feel altogether pleasant and comfortable. I have not heard from you to-night. I hope, however, that there are letters in the mail for me, which I will get on Saturday morning at the post office. You must know that letters reach here one night and are not delivered till next morning. I am truly anxious to hear from you, how you are and what you are doing?—whether everything is going on well with your household.

My uneasiness was increased to-day by a letter from Mrs. Burt to Mr. Burt, informing him that Greenville was very sickly, and that Colonel Towns was extremely ill and had sent for his brother, Dr. Towns. I know these things are always exaggerated, but Judge Butler and Judge Gantt are also quite uneasy about the sickness, and neither of them has heard from Greenville since General Thompson came down. It will be truly a melancholy affair if Colonel Towns should die, and Miss Sloan be

left, as it were, a bridal widow ; but the idea is too horrible to think of. I hope he is again convalescent, and will be able to claim his bride by the time I return home, so that I may accompany you at last to his wedding.

The Legislature has agreed to adjourn our Wednesday, 19th inst., so I shall be at home on Friday night, 21st inst. How I long for the time to arrive. How slow it passes off in dull legislation. I have made several speeches lately ; spoke twice or three times to-day and was listened to with great attention. When I made one of my speeches the gallery was filled with ladies who had come in to hear and see. I wish you had been amongst them. I spoke in reply to Mr. McGrath. He is quite a clever speaker and a sensible man. This was his first speech, but he did not succeed in his motion.

I saw your Uncle Robert this morning. He returns to Charleston this evening and will return again to Columbia next Wednesday. He looks quite well and seemed in good spirits. His two sons are in college, but I have not seen them since I wrote you last, when I was introduced to them by your uncle.

I have been arguing my cases in the Court of Appeals. I have finally gained the case of Colonel Barton, and it is now at an end. I lost the case of Mr. Choice's about Cleveland's Will. I have also lost the case of Perry Duncan against Cobb & Seaborn. The other cases of mine are to be argued to-morrow morning.

The weather has been so bad that I have not been able to shop any this week. We had constant rain since last Sunday. You must write what sort of present you had rather have. I feel now like I would buy for you anything you would request me to get. Shall it be a silver cup? or a gold thimble? or a little work-box? or a key basket? or a little breast-pin? or what else?

Have you heard from Mrs. Cunningham since I left home? If you have not yet gone, I suppose you will hardly go ; but if she comes up and insists on your going, I will meet you there on Friday, 21st inst., and we will come home in the Aiken stage on Monday following. I cannot stay longer, I must be at home. My business must not be neglected for any other consideration.

I have nothing more to write you. I have already written you about every one I have seen. The weather has been so wet that I have not seen any one lately. Mr. Savage Heywood and his lady (I think) are at this house, but I have no acquaintance with him. I believe, too, he is a member of the Legislature. Mr. Bull is also a member again. I spoke to him the other day and he informed me that your mother had requested

him to say to me that they were all well. You write me, however, that Anne is not well.

I have bought no more books, and do not intend to buy any more. I hope you will not read "The Young Wife" till I return home and then read it to me. We can read together and make comments as we go on. I admire the rules and advice there given very much.

Powell and Brockman are with me, and we all do very well together. Brockman and myself have frequent conversations. He is a very worthy man and I like him very much. He wishes to move to Greenville village.

But good-night, my dear wife, I must conclude.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Sunday 10th, 1838.

*My Dear Liz* :—I received two letters from you yesterday morning, one of which I ought to have received the mail before. I assure you, my dear wife, that they gave me great pleasure and satisfaction, for I was becoming very uneasy. I am now better satisfied, but still impatient to get home. Time drags heavily with me.

I was pleased to know that you were satisfied with the presents of books and casters sent you. I will not purchase any more books of any description. The short candle-sticks I will endeavor to get, and think, with you, that we ought to have a pair of them. I have been looking at a set of silver goblets or tumblers, and would like very much to have them, but do not think it prudent to purchase at this time. I will not, however, purchase any more glass tumblers, they are soon broken, and if we were to purchase a set of silver ones, they would last an age. I have no doubt they are much cheaper in the end, and they are all the fashion, too. I like silver because it retains its value and is not destructible like glass.

I am glad that you are not lonesome, and that little Sally Sloane has been good enough to sleep with you constantly. You must feel lonesome in the daytime, having no one to talk to or see and be with you.

I am truly sorry to hear that my horse is going blind. I hope you are mistaken, and that Colonel Hoke is also. Mr. Blassingam wrote me the other day that he was afraid it was so. It will be a great pity to lose so pretty a horse.

I hope that Colonel Dunton has returned before this time and brought you letters and packages from your mother. You are very fond of opening packages I know, and especially when they contain pretty things. I



have not seen any one from Charleston lately. Your Uncle Robert has returned, and I have not seen Alston or Arthur since I wrote you before.

We are not doing much in the Legislature. There will be a considerable discussion next Tuesday on the sub-Treasury, and I may or may not make a speech. I have got through with all my business in Court except one case, which is postponed until next Spring. The result of them I do not yet know.

You are mistaken in supposing that Mr. Colcock called me to the chair on account of your relation to him. Colonel Elmore was the first to suggest my taking the chair, and on his suggestion Mr. Colcock made the motion. I saw Judge Colcock the other day, he looks shockingly. Mrs. Colcock is with him he told me, but I have not had time to see her. Miss Hazell is with Mrs. Heywood, and at this house, but I have not spoken to either of them, as I have not any acquaintance with them.

I understand that Miss Jeter and Miss Noble are here. The ladies are visiting the gallery of the State House every day, and I suppose will make a great display next week. The Governor is to be inaugurated on Monday, and then the discussion takes place on the subject of the sub-Treasury.

I must now conclude as I have several letters to write to-day, and other business to transact, although it is Sunday. Last night I was writing till twelve o'clock, and did not get to sleep till after two in the morning. I drew up fifteen reports after nine o'clock; reports on claims.

You must write me if you wish anything in particular as a present on my return home.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Tuesday night.

*My Dear Liz*.—Your letter by Sunday's mail gave me great pleasure. I hope there is now one in the office for me. I cannot get it till morning, however, as the post-office is not opened at night. Your letter gave me great satisfaction, to know that you were well and not lonesome. You wrote Miss Chick was spending the day with you, and that Mr. and Mrs. Buist had called to see you.

We had quite a display in the Legislature to-day. At twelve o'clock the sub-Treasury came up for discussion. Mr. Wardlaw left the chair, and the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole. The ladies and visitors hearing that there was likely to be some discussion, came in and filled the galleries. There was quite an interesting appearance of

beauty and fashion. Mr. Colcock opened the debate with a short speech, and I replied in a short one also. The House and the gallery seemed to listen more earnestly to me than they did to Mr. Colcock, I suppose because I was in the minority. I made some allusions to Colonel Memminger and old party distinctions. He replied to me at some length. Colonel Irby spoke next in reply to him, then Mr. Wardlaw in reply to Irby. Wallace Thompson spoke next in reply to Wardlaw. Mr. Bellinger spoke in reply to Thompson. I replied again to Bellinger, and also to Memminger and Wardlaw. Phillips spoke next; Irby, Wardlaw, Thompson and Memminger all spoke again. By this time it was about five o'clock in the evening, but the ladies were still present, at least a good many of them.

I have a good story to tell you, and one which I am afraid may make you a little jealous. Colonel Fair met me to-day as I was going into the State House, and said he heard a fine compliment paid me yesterday by a lady. He was sitting in the gallery whilst the Governor was being inaugurated, and some young ladies present were making their remarks about the different members. At length the question was put to one to point out the handsomest man she saw amongst the whole house. After looking some time, she pointed to a gentleman sitting at his desk with a bill in his hand, wearing spectacles and dressed in black, with a grave look and dignified air and manner. Who do you think the gentleman was thus selected from the whole House? Your husband! I inquired who this lady was and found that she was on her first visit to Columbia, and of exquisite taste, young, neat and of high rank. I will tell you her name when we meet. <sup>rich</sup>

My dear wife, I am tired to death of this place, and wish most anxiously to return home again. If I had you with me I should be better satisfied. I have, however, not much time to spare. I am at work like a slave, have too much to do, and am not disposed to continue in the Legislature, although I have acquired some reputation in the Legislature, or at least I flatter myself so.

I have not made any further purchases of presents for you. I shall wait to hear from you. I hope you have heard from your mamma, and that Colonel Dunton has returned. <sup>been</sup>

Wednesday morning.

I went to the office this morning and waited till it was opened, and had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you dated on Saturday last. It gave me great satisfaction. You do not know how anxious I am about you. If I do not hear from you, I imagine that you are sick or unwell.

I am glad that you are spending your time so agreeably, and that you are pleased with the presents sent you. I cannot give you any further information as to my law cases. I am going into Court this morning to hear the decisions of the Judges on them.

I am sorry that Colonel Dunham has still not arrived, and that you have heard nothing from your mother. I suppose you have before this time. I think it very likely that Mrs. Cunningham will not come at all. I shall be at home without doubt on Friday night the 19th, a week from the time you will receive this letter.

There was an unpleasant difficulty yesterday between Albert Rhett and Judge Huger about some road which runs through Judge Huger's land. Judge Huger challenged him, and they were both bound over to keep the peace. I do not know what will be the consequence, whether they will yet fight or not.

Your loving husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COL. JOHNSON'S, Friday morning.

*Dear Liz* :—I hope you are much better and that you have not experienced any pain since I left home. I shall expect to see you on Sunday quite well.

I have purchased for you a milk white pony, with a long tail and mane, the tail touches the ground. He is as docile as a dog and paces delightfully. You never saw so beautiful a creature in your life. I gave for him only \$50.00. He looks like an Arabian steed.

I am going to get pretty near all the votes in this part of the district. On Wednesday I addressed the company in the presence of a number of ladies, and amongst them Mrs. and Miss Toors and Miss Perry, etc.

I shall be at home on Sunday, and I am exceedingly anxious to see you, and am a good deal displeased when I think of the situation in which I left you. In great haste. God bless you and family.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.



PICKENS C. H., Tuesday morning.

*My Dear Liz*.—I have hardly time to write you that I am very much afraid I shall not be able to return home from this place before I go to Anderson Court. Judge Evans did not get here till last night. There was, of course, nothing done yesterday, and we have a great deal of business in Court. It is possible I may get off Saturday morning; if so, I will return to Greenville and see my dear wife; if not, I shall not be able to see you till the last of next week. You may very readily imagine my distress at being detained here, but I know you will be disposed to excuse me when you think it is business which keeps me from you.

I have not heard anything about my election in Greenville. General Thompson is running far ahead in this district. If you will write me and send the letter to Judge Earle's to-night, Judge Evans' coachman will bring it in the morning to this place. I hope you will do so, if possible. Write me who are elected, and how many votes General Thompson gets.

My dear wife, in great haste. Your loving husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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PICKENS C. H., Thursday night.

*My Dear Liz*.—Your letter was handed me this evening, and I assure you it gave me great pleasure and satisfaction. Not on account of the election (for that I had already heard), but to know that you were well and enjoying yourself in my absence; that nothing had happened to worry or displease you, and that all of our little household was going on well. I am glad that your peaches have been brought and will very cheerfully pay for all the sugar you may make use of in preserving them. I shall expect to see some nice preserves on my return. I hope you will not be vexed and disappointed in making them, as you were in your last effort in that way.

Your cakes and gingerbread were much praised by Major Henry and others on Sunday last. We stopped at the same spring where you and Judge Johnson and myself once dined on going from Pickens. Colonel Towns, Mr. Choice and Mr. Roberts were of our company, and partook of our repast by adding their own stock to ours. None of them, however, had any cake or gingerbread but myself. They pronounced it the nicest gingerbread they had ever eaten. We had quite a pleasant ride and a merry time.

The white pony travelled remarkably well, and is much admired; but the poor fellow has been unfortunate since he was stabled here. Some

horse in the adjoining stall has very cruelly bit him on his back and shoulders, taking off the hair in two or three places. I had him moved into a different stall and he is now faring better. I was glad to hear from our "little adopted Fidelia." I am glad Sheriff continues to do well. The house as you described it would have been an interesting sight to your husband.

I do not know whether I shall be able to see you on Saturday night or not. We tried yesterday the case of Hester and Hagood, and I gained a great triumph over General Thompson and General Whitner. Every one says I made the best speech they ever heard from me. I gained the case. It has been in Court four years, and the costs have amounted to five or six hundred dollars. You never saw any one more rejoiced than my client Hester. After the jury returned with a verdict, he came to my room with a cup of sugar and a tumbler of brandy and insisted on treating me about ten o'clock in the night.

To-day I defended a poor fellow who was tried for his life on a charge of forgery, and succeeded in getting him acquitted. To-morrow we try the case of Mr. Choise about Cleveland's Will. It will probably take two days; but should we get through in one day, you may expect to see me at home Saturday evening, otherwise not till after Anderson Court.

I am much gratified with the result of the election, and you should feel gratified to the people of Greenville for honoring your husband so handsomely, as they have, in placing him far ahead of all the other candidates. I feel proud in still having their confidence and good opinion. General Thompson has beaten General Whitner one thousand or eleven hundred votes. Tell your mother that I accept her congratulations with much pleasure. *grateful*

Friday morning.

I am now of opinion that it will be out of my power to return to Greenville before Anderson Court. You must keep house as well as you can without your husband. You can imagine yourself a little widow and sole mistress of the mansion. You have your mother and sisters with you, and I suppose you will hardly miss me. But write to me on Sunday to Anderson by mail. Tell your mother and sisters not to run off before I return, should it be a month. In great haste; so much so that I hardly know what I am writing.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sunday night, 8 o'clock.

*My Dear Liz:*—Like a good husband, I will employ the first leisure moment which I have in writing to you. I have just seen Judge Gantt, and he says his servant Bob will start back to Greenville in the morning. If so, I will endeavor to send by him your shoes, etc.; but I am afraid there is not much calculation on any determination of Judge Gantt.

I arrived here this evening about four o'clock, hungry and tired; was disappointed in getting a room at Edgar's, and had to go all over town before I could get accommodations. I succeeded in getting a single room at Clark's old hotel, where all the lower county members stay; but my accommodations are nothing to boast of. Mr. Petigru, who came a few minutes after I did, said he thought at one time that he should have to sleep in the streets or be dependent on the charity of the public. He has got into the barkeeper's room. Columbia is more crowded than I ever saw it.

I came down in company with Judge Earle and Mr. Reed from Greenville, and at Laurens we were joined by Colonel Irby, Mr. Young, Dr. Saxon, Captain Reed and Mr. Rogers. We were much crowded and had an unpleasant ride through sleet and rain. I hope you have had rain in Greenville, but not such cold weather as we had on the road.

I saw Colonel Martin this evening. He says that Mrs. Martin is not so well as she ought to be; that all the rest of our friends in town are well. I have not seen your Uncle Arthur, nor do I know that he is in Columbia. I met Colonel John Cunningham and his bride in the passage just at dark; was introduced to her ladyship and gave them both my congratulations, but it was so dark I could not see her to judge of her features. She is short and rather stout. John seemed to be in fine spirits and quite happy. They are boarding at this house. He inquired after you and said that his father's family were expecting you, etc. I suppose he will remain here all the session. In some future letter I will give you a description of the bride.

Now let me inquire how you and "Will" come on. How much pleasure it would give me to see you with him in your arms to-night, to hear the little fellow's sweet, innocent voice, and see his lovely smile, and watch your earnest look at him. I have scarcely left home and I am already so anxious to see you and be back again. If I could only for one moment be seated with you around the fire and have <sup>hear</sup> little Will cry a few minutes. Kiss him for me and hug him close to you for "Papa's" sake. I love him the more because he bears in his face the image of yourself.

If I have time I will write you a few lines to-morrow; but I have so many things to do that I cannot call a minute my own. If I do not write



to you often, be assured it is not because I am not thinking of you. You must write me all about yourself, Will, the servants, cows, hogs, dogs, house, lot, etc. I am afraid James will not attend to the stable well. Make him do his business, etc.

Monday, 2 o'clock.

*Dear Liz* :—I saw your Uncle Arthur this morning, and he gave me the silver cup and spoon for Will from Aunt <sup>Bent</sup> Benton. It is very handsome. Colonel Martin is elected Clerk of the Senate, after seven ballots. I write in a great hurry and have nothing more, but refer you to my letter in the *Mountaineer* for additional information.

I saw Mr. Hayne and he inquired after you and Will. Kiss Will for me.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, Tuesday night, 9 o'clock.

*My Dear Liz* :—I have just returned with your Uncle Arthur from the Agricultural Convention, where we staid two or three hours and listened to rather dull speaking. Since I wrote you last, I have been very much engaged, scarcely a minute to spare until this evening.

I have made a purchase for "Will," an ivory ring with a whistle in it for him to bite when teething. I am in treaty for a rattle for him, but have not purchased it yet. The jeweller asks \$6.50 for it, the price was \$8.00. It is a most beautiful thing, handsomely gilded, with an ivory handle. Your gaiter boots I will purchase to-morrow. If I have any opportunity I will send them. I have purchased a thermometer, a large one in a tin case, for \$2.00. I see some beautiful little wagons for children, and if I can send one to Greenville by any conveyance, I will purchase it for Will, for I have heard you wish one very much.

I saw Mr. Taylor this evening, and he informed me that his wife was with Mrs. Martin. He inquired after you and Will, and I inquired how his son grew, etc.

I had a most pleasant conversation with Mr. Petigru this morning. He is a man of uncommon originality and strength of mind, and humor unbounded. He inquired about Colonel Alston's case, and said he intended to make Alston give me a "refresher," that it was high time I had another fee.

I was introduced this evening to Professor Lieber, of the South Carolina College, with whom you know I have been so long corresponding on the subject of the Penitentiary. He expressed great pleasure at seeing

me, and I was much pleased with him. He says I must dine with him, but as he had no wife he had to look out for something to eat first. We talked a long time. He said he had been to see me at the Tavern, but I was out. He is a man of great learning and pleasing appearance, with a foreign accent.

Judge Butler met me as I was going to the post-office this evening with letters, and asked if I was writing to Madame, and said to Dr. Arnold, who was with me, that he liked me for my love for you. I have not seen Judge Hayne yet, but he was in the Senate this evening.

I hope to-morrow evening to have a letter from you, but shall not get it in time to add a postscript to this letter.

Wednesday morning.

I was aroused from my sleep last night about three o'clock by fire. It broke out within 150 yards of the hotel and illuminated everything. I got up, dressed and went out to where it was, and saw an immense crowd looking on, and the building sinking beneath the flames. The fire did not spread and no great loss occurred.

I look forward to the reception of a letter from you this evening with much interest. It seems as if I had been from home a month. How I should like to see you dress little Will this morning, and hear him cry and grunt at the application of cold water. Kiss the little fellow and take good care of him, for he is a jewel above all value.

I may not have time or anything more to write you to-day. God bless you, my dear wife.

I am your affectionate husband, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Thursday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—It is now nine o'clock, and I will write you a few lines before I retire to bed. I am sure that I shall not have time to write you to-morrow before the mail closes.

Your letter gave me great satisfaction, and I read it over twice with great attention. There is a pleasure which can be better felt than told in hearing from those we love, and from whom we have been separated even a few days. I assure you that I envy you much more the crying and screaming of "Will" every night, than you can me the quietness of my sleep. I would forego the sleep of two nights to hear him cry one at present. But I am glad he is so bright and so good, and will excuse him for not caring more for my absence.

I purchased for you to-day a pair of gaiter shoes (\$2.50). They are very good and nice ones, and will wear all Winter. I was trying to get you a work-basket, but did not come across one to suit me. I have not purchased the rattle for Will, I dislike giving so much for it. Dr. Irvine will be here next week on his return from Charleston to Greenville, and I will send you by him the silver cup and spoon, the gaiter shoes, the ivory whistle and ring for Will, and the rattle and basket, if I purchase them.

I saw Albert Rhett this morning who inquired after you, and also Mr. Ramsay, who asked about you. I have not seen the resolutions you mention in your letter. I have been placed on the committee to which all the memorials and presentments about spirits have been referred, and I had a conversation with Rhett on the subject this morning. He has the matter greatly at heart, and he wishes to make drunkenness an indictable offence and take from the habitual drunkard all his property and give it to his children or next of kin.

We have done very little in the Legislature yet. To-morrow I am to argue the case of Mr. Alston's in the Court of Errors. Mr. Petigru will assist me. Next Tuesday the House of Representatives will resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole and take up my bill to alter the Constitution. I have not yet made my report on the Penitentiary.

I saw M<sup>r</sup>. Sims, the novelist, this evening. He came up to me and made himself known, and gave me a pressing invitation to call and see him as I went to Charleston in the Spring, and that he intended visiting the upper country next Summer with a view of getting materials for a novel. He asked me to send him my "Revolutionary Incidents."

I was truly sorry to hear that Victoria behaved so badly, and that the poor calf is dead. I was afraid James would not take care of things well. I hope you will make Minerva milk Rose well or she will soon go dry.

Your Uncle Arthur is still in Columbia. Mr. Petigru suggested to me the propriety of his running for the Presidency of the Railroad. He stands no chance of being elected President of the State Bank.

I hope you and Will have paid some pleasant visits, and that his new hat fits better than the other. I have very pleasant company at this house, all from the lower country; but there is no company like yours and Will's.

Good night, my dear wife,

B. F. PERRY.



COLUMBIA, Monday, 11 o'clock.

*My Dear Liz* :—I received your letter this morning, and was so much pleased with it that I will answer it instead of going with the other members of the Legislature to attend the College Commencement. I had rather spend an hour in writing to you than in hearing the college boys speak, or even look at the beauty and fashion which may be there assembled this morning.

I was truly glad to hear that you and Will, the servants, cows, etc., were all well. I was also glad to hear your views in relation to the course to be pursued on the various matters likely to come before the Legislature. I will give them my best consideration.

As soon as they return from college, I make my report on the Penitentiary. It was read in committee on Friday and ordered to be reported, etc. To-morrow my bill about the Judges comes up for consideration. It will, no doubt, produce some discussion.

I am very glad that your Uncle Arthur is so warm a friend of mine. He is here yet, but there is no hope of his being elected. -Mr. Middleton came to me yesterday, and said from the relation in which I stood towards him, I might advise him to withdraw ; but this I declined.

I saw Arthur and Alston yesterday. They came to see their uncle at Clark's, and I showed them some attention. Their mother will be here next week. The furniture has been sent up. They appear to be very clever boys and I like them.

I saw Mr. Wm. Ed. Hayne this morning. We spoke about your mother's removal to Greenville. It is, my dear wife, a great thing to be independent, although poor. I feel proud that I am able to live in comfort and be independent of the world. But every one should reduce their wants to their means ; they are unhappy if they do not, and if they do they are happy ; but I know and am proud that you think with me.

Yesterday I saw General Edwards, who inquired kindly after you. Dr. Lieber invited me to dine with him to-day, but I declined. I have not seen much of Mrs John Cunningham. John applies for admission to-morrow and he has been reading pretty hard. Powell also applies and comes to me for a certificate of good moral character, which I refused to give, and I have no doubt he is displeased.

Yesterday was Sunday, and in the evening I walked with Judge Evans to the flower garden of Ravenel, and looked at his hot house, plants and curiosities, trees, etc. It is a pretty garden. *Russell*

My dear wife, how could you inquire if I had time to read your letters. I wish you would write every mail. I feel lonely when I go to the office and do not secure a letter from you.

*receive*

I will send you a package by Dr. Irvine. Your gaiter boots are nice ones.

I must now conclude as I have to write to Wells also this morning.  
Kiss Will for me.

Yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, Wednesday morning.

*My Dear Liz* :—I have just purchased for you one of the prettiest and most substantial work-baskets you ever saw. I gave for it \$1.50. It has a cover and a handle at each end and one on top. I am sure you will be pleased with it, and also with the neat and substantial gaiter boots, and likewise with the ring and ivory whistle for Will. I have not purchased his rattle yet because they ask too much, \$6.50, though it is very pretty. I am sorry that Dr. Irvine is not going directly to Greenville. He goes to Rutherford. I may send them by him however; but this will be putting him to great inconvenience. I understand there is a gentleman from Tennessee going to Greenville in the stage, I may send them by him.

I have nothing of interest to write you, but am becoming very impatient to return home and meet you and Will. I met a pretty little baby about his size in the street yesterday, and almost stopped still to gaze at the little creature. Twelve months since I should have passed by the little thing without noticing or even seeing it; but oh, how my heart moved when I saw it, and thought of our precious little boy. How one's feelings do change and soften towards children after they have one of their own. You are right, we ought to be very thankful for this little innocent pledge of our love and happiness.

I was in the Court of Appeals yesterday. The students were examined, and Powell and Mr. Cunningham amongst them. I have not heard whether they were admitted or not, but understand they all answered questions very poorly and ought to be rejected. Powell applied to me for a certificate of moral character, which I refused to give him. He then got one of Whitfield.

I must now go to breakfast, and will add a postscript in the State House if I have anything further to write. I hope to receive a letter from you this evening.

Your affectionate husband,

B. F. PERRY.

Wednesday evening, 3 o'clock.

*My Dear Wife*.—I have been all day engaged in the Court of Appeals, and the Legislature had to adjourn in consequence of my absence. This makes me an important person in the House. My bill about the Judges came up and was laid on the table in consequence of my not being present, and the House having no other business adjourned.

Powell is rejected and very much provoked. Mr. Cunningham is admitted. The Judges laugh a good deal at Powell's examination, all of which I will tell you when I have the pleasure of meeting you, my dear Liz, again.

I have not yet had dinner. I gained my case in Court to-day ; case of *Mc Daniel's*, but lost *Alston's* the other day.

I met Dr. Hardy, of Ashville, this morning, with his wife under his arm ; he seemed ashamed to see me, married so soon after the first wife's death. She is good looking and may be called handsome. I only saw her in the street.

Mr. McBee is spoken of as President of the Railroad.

I have just seen Randal Croft. Whilst we were talking in the street, Miss Marshall passed and spoke to Croft. I left them.

I hope to receive a letter from you at four this evening.

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Friday morning.

*My Dear Wife*.—I was very glad to receive your last letter, although you gave me a terrible scolding about the rattle. I believe now I will not buy it, but I am afraid it will be impossible to get the little wagon carried up if I purchase it. However, if I can find any conveyance, I will send it up.

I am very happy to hear from you that all is going on well in my absence, and that you are spending your time pleasantly. I am sure with little Will you ought to be happy. If I had him here, I could be happy whilst kissing the little crying fellow ; but I am very anxious to get back and see you. The time seems long. Your last letter was taken out of the post-office by General Whitner, and handed me in the State House whilst I was sitting on a committee and listening to Albert Rhett speaking on the subject of temperance. I became very impatient to read the letter before he and Judge O'Neal concluded their speeches. I like General Whitner. He said there were other letters in the post-office for me, but that he only had money to take out the one from my wife. He happened there as the mail was opened.



*Benton*

Your Aunt Benton has arrived in Columbia. I saw William Hayne yesterday, he is pretty well. William seemed rather "drooping;" he came up to Clark's Hotel and was walking about in the passage as if very much abstracted. I told him Mr. Cunningham was here and that Mrs. Cunningham was expected to-day. He then walked with me towards the State House, inquired for Mrs. *Hand*, etc. I saw him again at Clark's at night. He had not seen Mrs. Cunningham, but told me he had seen Simon.

Randal Croft was here yesterday and could not find a place to sleep, and I had to give him a part of my bed. He told me that he was at Mr. Cunningham's not long since, but Pamela was sick or unwell, and he did not see her.

I made a speech the other day on my Judges' bill and have to make another to-day. I will write you about it if I have time this evening. I received a letter from Mr. Wells, saying you were in fine spirits, and he had offered to assist you in any way his family could, etc., etc.

I must now go to my breakfast. Having written this letter to you and a long one to Wells since I got up; am I not smart?

Friday evening.

The House has just adjourned, and I have succeeded in ordering my bill to be reported to the House. The particulars I will give in my next.

Good-bye, my dear wife,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Sunday morning.

*My Dear Wife*.:—I hope to get a letter this evening. You must write me by every mail. I am sure you would if you knew how much pleasure your letters gave me, and how unhappy I am when I do not receive one. I am very tired of Columbia, and very anxious and impatient to return home. It makes me feel very unpleasant when I think at night that you are all alone, as it were, with little Will in your arms, crying and fretting and no one to assist you. It even makes tears roll down my cheeks now whilst writing to think of it. I will not leave you so long again, but I hope you employ your time pleasantly with little Will. He is indeed "a precious morsel," and I would give anything to see you and him this morning. It is now twenty minutes after ten and I suppose you are preparing for church, as it is a most delightful day.

I closed my last letter to you very abruptly, as it was just after a long and interesting discussion on the Judiciary Bill, in which I had been suc-

cessful, and which I promised to give you an account of in this letter. I opened the debate, and Thompson, of Spartanburgh, replied. Wardlaw spoke on my side. Bellinger, Elliot, Philips and Thompson, of Union, spoke against us. The gallery was full of ladies—Mr. Cunningham and his bride amongst them. After three hours' discussion, in which I spoke twice and Wardlaw twice, the bill was reported to the House by a vote of 48 to 42. I think that I acquitted myself pretty well, especially in my last speech; but I am afraid the bill will not pass, as it takes a majority of two-thirds to pass a bill to amend the Constitution. Judge Huger has introduced a bill in the Senate to give Judge Gantt \$1,500 and excuse him from circuit duty; but it will not pass.

I was mistaken about Professor Lieber's family. He has a wife, but she is not at home, and this induced me to make the mistake. He said I must put up with his humble fare, that he was all alone, etc. He afterwards told me that Mrs. Lieber was not at home. I declined taking dinner with him on the day of commencement, but he says he wishes me and all those of my committee who are in favor of a penitentiary, to do so some day yet. I have no time to go anywhere or see any one. My time is constantly and laboriously occupied, but I hope I am acquiring some little reputation by it.

I saw Mr. Ravenel yesterday; he is just from town and saw your mother and sisters a day or two since. Anne was not so well. He said your mother was very much pleased with the idea of moving to Greenville.

Mr. McBee has been elected the President of the Railroad with a salary of \$4,000. He is very much elated with his election, I understand, and says he is proud that the mantle of General Hayne should have fallen on him.

I have written to Mr. Blasingame and requested him to look at the cows and hogs, and see if James is managing them well, and to let you know if anything is going amiss.

I have been induced to buy more books. They were selling so cheap I could not resist. I have bought some most beautiful annuals for 1840, parlor scrap book, etc., etc., very cheap; one for \$1.50, which sells for \$5.00, and several others in same proportion. "Cooper's Naval History" for \$2.75, which sells for \$6.00. "Scott's Commentaries of the Bible," which used to sell for \$25.00, I got for \$4.50. You must not scold me a great deal—just a little.

Farewell, my dear wife,

B. F. PERRY.







W. H. W. & C. O. N. Y.

SANS-SOUCI.

COLUMBIA, Wednesday morning.

*My Dear Wife* :—I received your letter of Thursday last on Sunday evening, after I had written to you in the morning. The Postmaster after great persuasion, opened the office for me, contrary to his rules.

I am very happy to hear you are spending your time pleasantly, and that your neighbors are disposed to be more kind to you in consequence of your being alone. This proves to you what I have always said, that the people of Greenville had genuine kindness, kindness which would never be wanting when needed by their friends and acquaintances. Theirs is not politeness but kindness. It comes not from a polished exterior, but from a good heart.

I suppose Mrs. Butler's compliments to me in Will's likeness and nose, are a sort of return for the interest which I manifested in her brother's (Commodore Oliver H. Perry) reputation. She is a warm-hearted woman with strong feelings and prejudices. You can never rely on her judgment, though you may always on her impulses and feelings. But that Will's nose should look like mine is preposterous ; I only wish it did. There may be more truth in the observation of Mrs. Mays that he smiled like me. Mrs. Mays is an unsophisticated, frank, good lady, possessing a good mind. I am very much pleased that your hat for Will is so much admired, but much more pleased that your skill and industry should be admired, and that your character for courage and perfection as a good wife, should be duly appreciated by others as it is by your husband.

Your Uncle Arthur has declined being a candidate for the Presidency of the Bank, and has been nominated as one of its directors. He is still here. William Hayne has returned to Charleston. Mr. Cunningham and his bride have gone to Abbeville.

I have not seen your Aunt <sup>W</sup>Benton yet. General Edwards asked me the other morning if I had been to see her. He said he would like to see her, but he was afraid it might be unpleasant to her and should not call. I may call at the house before I leave Columbia.

I told Burt yesterday of your undertaking to give me directions as to my course in the Legislature, which pleased him very much. I like Burt very much. I introduced your Uncle Arthur to him, and your uncle is very much pleased with him, speaks in high terms of him and calls him my friend.

I hope to receive another letter from you this evening. Do write me every mail. I have a great deal to tell you when we meet, but have not time to write you much. My business increases here and I have less time every day.

I must now conclude, my dear Liz. Kiss our little boy for me. I hope he does not cry much and has grown a great deal. I long to see you both.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, Friday morning.

*My Dear Liz* :—I have received all your letters and they have given me great pleasure and satisfaction. In fact they have been the only things which reconciled me to this place, for I assure you I am heartily tired of legislation and Columbia. Your letter by Wednesday's mail was received this evening, and I read it over twice before I read any of the other letters which came to me.

I have purchased the little wagon, the neatest thing you ever saw ; it has a top and handsomely rigged off. I gave for it \$5.00. I have also bought for Will the most convenient thing you ever saw ; it is a basket chair with arms on each side and a table in front, so that he can neither fall out or turn over. It is just as safe as if he was in the arms of his nurse. You can put on the table his playthings. It cost \$3.00. I have had them both packed up and carefully covered with a mat, and the stage contractor has promised me to let them go up on top of the stage free of expense. You see I will have a great many things to show you when I return home. If I can get any shoes for Will I will do so.

I think I shall be at home next Friday-night. I will endeavor to get off two days before the Legislature adjourns, so as to avoid a crowd, and meet my wife and son sooner than I otherwise should.

Your Uncle Arthur had an interesting talk with me the other evening about your mother and her affairs. He said her connection with me gave him the greatest satisfaction ; that he felt happy when he thought of it, and knew that she had one so nearly connected with her who was so capable of being her protector and friend.

I have nothing new to write. I told Colonel Brockman that you inquired what had become of him, which seemed to please him very much. He did not come up from Charleston until the latter part of the first week of the session. We sit near each other in the Legislature, but board at different houses.

I am boarding with low county members entirely, and like them very much ; but I have not time to associate much with them.

Mr. McBee started home after his election and they sent for him to come back again. The Charleston people do not like his being elected at all ; but he is not going to resign to please them.



I must now go to breakfast, and immediately after breakfast I have to meet a committee, and immediately afterwards have to take my seat in the House, where I will have to sit till four o'clock in the evening, then I come home and get my dinner and perhaps a letter from you, then I have to go back and meet a committee till eight or nine, then come home and get supper, then write reports and letters till eleven or twelve o'clock, then to bed and up in the morning by daylight, and often I am by candle-light. Good morning, my dear wife ; kiss little Will for me.

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, Tuesday night.

*My Dear Lizzy:*—I could not write you by the last mail. I was busily engaged in making speeches and replying to speeches in the House of Representatives until the mail had closed. We had quite an interesting discussion on Monday relative to the Richland election. Mr. Rhett, Bellinger, Dudley and myself on one side, and Wardlaw, Henry, Colonel Hunt, Elliott and Thompson on the other. I have been very much complimented since my arrival here on account of my address last Summer on the Presidential election. Colonel Memminger told me it was the best article of the kind he had ever seen, and that if all the members had made such an address to their constituents throughout the United States, Harrison would never have been elected. Colonel Dudley told me that my address was the text book of all the Democrats in the eastern part of the State ; that it was more sought after and spoken of than any other paper, and that there was great inquiry with the common people to know all about me, what I was and who I was? Several other members have introduced themselves to me and said they became acquainted with me through my address.

When the House was organized, Colonel Hunt and McGrath came to me and requested me to call Colonel Davie to the chair, which I did. So far we have had quite a pleasant session. I have met a great many of my friends and acquaintances, who seemed glad to find me in the Legislature again.

I saw Mr. Hayne this morning ; he says they are all well in Charleston. I have also seen Mr. Martin and Taylor, who inquired after you all. I have not yet had an opportunity of going to see Mrs. Hayne or sending to her your present, but will do so in the morning.

Whilst passing up street to-day, I stepped into the jeweller's store and purchased a present for you of great value, one which will last a great while and be of great service to us. I think it is the best present

I can make you, but I will not tell you what it is. I have also bought some books, and one which I know you will admire ; I will send it to you by Colonel Towns. As yet we have had no auction of books in Columbia. I have seen a beautiful copy of " Nicholas Nickleby," which I will purchase. I have not yet made any purchase for " Will," but tell him to be a good boy and I will bring him a beautiful present in the shape of a hat or some other equally useful article of dress. I think very often of you all, and would give a great deal if I could only transport myself for a few minutes into the room where you are seated with Will. I hope you will learn him to talk before I return.

You must write me how you are all doing, how your mother's house comes on and the news of Greenville. We had a tolerably pleasant trip down to Columbia. I am glad I did not bring your mother's carriage and horses, as the roads became bad after the rain. I hope to hear from you by to-morrow's mail. You must write me every mail, and I will write you as often as I can.

It now only wants twenty minutes of twelve o'clock in the night and I must close my letter. I have taken a very active part for Colonel Towns in his election. I think he will be elected very easily.

Kiss Will for me and give my love to your mother and the young ladies. Tell them I have been thinking of a suitable present to make them, but have not yet determined in my own mind what it should be.

Good night, my dear wife, God bless you and protect you.

Yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, Friday morning.

*My Dear Wife:*—I received your letter on Wednesday evening, and I have seldom read one of your letters with more interest and pleasure. It would not do for me to say that I read it with more interest than I did your letters before we were married. The opinion of the world is that persons feel more interest in hearing from each other whilst they are wooing and courting than at any other time. I am sure, however, that I take more interest in you and love you more than I did before we were married, and no one who knows my heart could have accused me of loving you less than I ought to whilst addressing you and whilst we were engaged. I think love increases between those who are happily married and are worthy of being loved, more especially if they have such a pledge as little Will to unite them. I was much pleased at the story you told of the little fellow mistaking Dr. Crook for me, and shed tears of

joy whilst reading your letter. He has not forgotten me, but I am afraid he will before I return. Should he do so, I suppose it will not be a hard matter to form an acquaintance with the young gentleman again; an invitation to "go and see the horses" will be introduction enough. How I should like to see the little fellow this morning in his night gown, strutting from the bed to the fire-place. I hope you keep him warm at night and prevent him from crawling out from under the cover.

I sent your mother's letter and presents to Mrs. Hayne yesterday morning by a servant. She is quite well and said she was very much obliged to me, etc., and would be glad to see me. I will call on her soon, but I am so busy that I hardly have time to do anything. I find every thing very pleasant here. The members of the Legislature express great kindness and respect for me, my opinion and speeches. They all compliment my address of last Summer. Governor Memmiger told me he had *Henry* it read at a public meeting of the citizens of Marlborough district.

Your story about George Williamson was quite amusing. According *William* to your account you have almost discovered in him a relation. Old George is a very good old fellow, and I believe has always been a good friend of mine.

Albert Rhett took supper with me the other evening at this house, and inquired very particularly about you and your mother, and said he knew you all very well whilst in New Haven; he inquired whether your mother was living with me or separately, whether building, etc. I like him very much, and we generally take the same side in speaking, and have been both complimented by the Whig paper in this place for our course on the contested election in Columbia, which is now before the Legislature. My old friend, Judge Huger, arrived here last night and took lodgings at this house. We sat together at breakfast and had a long talk over matters and things in general.

There is a young man by the name of *Don* Huston who was introduced to me by Albert Rhett; he is from Beaufort, and a candidate for Solicitor of that circuit. Is he not some relation of yours? It seems to me I have heard you say that you had relatives by that name. He is a relation of the Colcocks; but I can't vote for him in opposition to Colonel Edwards. He appears to be a modest, sensible man, and did not mention to me that he was a candidate. Colonel Edwards first told me of it.

I attended the cattle show on Wednesday; there was no cow shown that I would have given Victoria for. You must write me how the pigs, horses and cows come on. I am to get from Summer, of Newbery, some Berkshire pigs in the Spring. They are most beautiful.



I write you in great haste. Give my love to all and kiss Will for me, and if he don't behave well give him a slap for me and tell him I would have done so if I had been there. I dreamed the other night that he could talk and repeat any word that you pronounced.

Your affectionate husband,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, Sunday afternoon.

*My Dear Liz* :—I went to church this morning and will spend the evening in writing to you. I saw Bishop Gadsen confirm forty or fifty persons this morning in the Episcopal Church. The most of them were young ladies, some few young men and half a dozen negroes (colored people). I sat with Colonel Ben Taylor in a pew with his wife and daughters, one of whom was confirmed. Colonel Taylor inquired the other day about your mother, and whether Anne's health was better. There were a great many persons in church. I saw your aunt, Mrs. General Hayne in church, but had no opportunity of speaking to her. She looks very much broken and begins to wear the appearance of an old lady. I will call and see her to-morrow or the next day. I met Bishop Gadsen in the post office, who inquired very kindly after my family. Mr. Holmes inquired after your mother, and told me he had taken Beaufort F. Watts for me the other night, and asked after Mrs. McCall; Watts replied he did not know. Holmes asked if she was not in Greenville; Watts replied he did not know. Holmes asked if he was not addressing Mr. Perry and the mistake was discovered.

I will send you by Colonel Towns a box containing a set of decanters, four in number, a dozen tumblers and a dozen cups and saucers; also a dozen silver forks and a dozen small ones (I mean German silver); steel forks are out of fashion and German silver has taken their place. They were very cheap, the small ones \$4.00, and the larger size \$6.00; the butter knives were \$3.00, the cups and saucers \$4.00, decanters \$13.00, tumblers, \$4.50, the labels for spirits, \$1.50. You must not scold me; everything was so pretty and cheap I could not resist the temptation. The cups and saucers and tumblers we absolutely needed. The decanters I desired very much. I thought the forks would please you. I will send you also "The Young Ladies' Friend," a book of great value and pleasing. The chapter on neatness reminded me very much of you and your neatness. I am delighted with the book.

I saw the Greenville stage pass by my window just now, and I went to the office hoping to hear from you, but I found the office shut and the mail bags lying in front of the office; I could see no one and had to return. It would give me great pleasure to hear from you, but I ought hardly to expect it from your last letter.

For politics, I refer you to my letters to Wells in the *Mountaineer*. You need have no fears on the subject of the penitentiary, I will not start the question in any objectionable way.

I will to-morrow buy Will a hat and send it by Towns. If I do not, I will bring it with me, also some of your books named in your last letter, and some presents for you and mother and Susan and Anne.

If I have time I will write you again to-morrow; if I have not, you must take the will for the deed.

I have a bad cold and made two speeches last night, which gave me a cough, and I am not so well this evening. Kiss Will for me and teach him to talk.

Yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

Benton

Monday night.

I went to see your Aunt Benton this morning, but she had gone to church. I will call again before I leave town. I did not hear from you by Sunday's mail. I could not get Will's hat to-day; I went into a great many stores, but they had no Leghorn or straw hats that would suit him. I will try again before I return. I have a dreadful cold, and am so hoarse I can hardly speak so as to be heard at all.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Friday morning.

*My Dear Lizzy:*—I received your long letter of advice and counsel on Wednesday evening, for which I thank you most kindly, and which I read with great interest and infinite amazement. Some portions of your letter I repeated to Mr. Burt, which seemed to please him very much. I presented your compliments to him and also yours and mother's to Albert Rhett. Burt said he intended to have called to see you at Court, but neglected doing so. Albert Rhett said he was once very intimate with your mother and family, that his intimacy had been broken off or interrupted by what he supposed the displeasure of General Hayne. That on some occasion he had advised your mother contrary to the advice of General Hayne, who resented it with marked coldness towards him. Mr. Rhett regretted that he had not seen more of your mother, and that their

former friendship had in the slightest been interrupted for some years past.

I received a letter from your Uncle Arthur by Colonel Gadsen, introductory merely, and thanking me for the interest I had taken in his election last Winter. He wrote to Mr. Burt also by Colonel Gadsen. We have both received letters from him since introducing to us a man who is from the North getting subscribers for an engraving of General Hayne. I do not think the engraving a good one; it is a small print about the size of the one I have of Lafayette. Your Aunt Benton sent me word the next day after I had called to see her that she was sorry she was not at home, and would be glad to see me at any time, and that I must call again and see her. I will do so, perhaps, to-day; but I am really so busy that I have not time to see any one.

We are getting on very pleasantly in the Legislature. Colonel Dawkins has been elected Solicitor of the Middle Circuit; your Cousin Martin has been beaten. I have not become acquainted with Mr. Fuller, but I discover there is a member by that name. Chancellor Dunkin inquired after you very kindly the other day and so did Judge Huger. Mr. Burt, Judge Huger and myself, have taken our seats together at a small table for dinner, supper, etc. We always have the same seats and converse a great deal, and long after all the others have eaten and gone. I think Judge Huger the finest specimen of a Carolina gentleman I have ever seen; he becomes better looking as he grows older, and it is the remark of every one that he looks like a Roman Senator. *— Hutson*

We have had considerable debate in the House on various matters, and on one question between the upper and lower country, I was the first to show my zeal in favor of the former, so you need be under no apprehension of my being caught in wrong company.

I have bought "Nicholas Nicholby," "Pickwick Papers," "Men at Arms," by James; "Moore's Life of Byron," etc. I got them all cheap. I have bought a complete set of Bulwer's novels for the female library, in twenty volumes, at twelve and a half cents a volume, and they are bound. I have not made many purchases for the library yet, but will lay out the funds given me advantageously, you may tell Dr. Crook.

I am sorry to hear James has been thrown and hurt; he had better not ride the horse any more; the horse, too, had better be allowed to run in the lot which you enter from the garden occasionally, as that will make him less frolicsome. If the weather turns cold, you had as well get Allen to help John kill the hogs, such of them as are fat enough, but it is a matter of no difference, and therefore do as you think best. Make James



feed the calf better, and tell John I want the cow to look well when I return.

I hope you are "getting on," as the saying is, very well. I hope little Will does well; how I should like to see the dear little boy. I have not been able to get him a hat yet, although I have hunted a second time. I have engaged a music box for Anne, if I like it when I see it; the jeweller said it played some pretty tunes, and he could get it for me for \$5.00. I saw a beautiful gold thimble at \$6.00, which I had a thought of getting for Susan, as she is pretty dexterous with her needle; it is a beautiful article, and will always be "worth its weight in gold." I have not determined on a present for you and your mother. Write me what you wish.

In great haste, as I have to go down to the State House.

Yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Sunday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—I received your letter this evening, dated Friday afternoon, which gave me great pleasure, but which would have given me much more if it had been much longer.

I am glad the box and its contents have arrived safely, and that you are pleased with the presents. The two large decanters had to go with the other two, the merchant would not break his set. I will get the knives as you desired. I would have done so when I bought the silver forks, but was under the impression you had knives which we had not used, or used but little. The hat for Will is hard to get, and I think he will have to do without it or put up with a fur hat. It is impossible to find one you wish.

Colonel Martin told me I might inform you that Mr. Taylor had lost his youngest child, which died the other day; he also informed me that Mr. Wm. Ed. Hayne had also lost his youngest child, which died about the same time. I have not yet seen Mrs. Robert Hayne; the weather has been so bad I have not been able to go around and see her. I met one of her sons in the Senate Chamber the other day. The other was there, but I did not see him; he told me they were all well.

The Commencement in College is to-morrow. The next day and the day after, we shall have considerable debating in the House, on Banks and the Right of Instruction. We have already had a good deal. I refer you to my letters to Mr. Wells for an account of the proceedings of the Legislature.

I told Burt the story of Will taking Dr. Crook for me since I have been absent, and he told me to tell you he was afraid Will was near-sighted. I told him that Will was quite young and rather foolish at present, and was not possessed of the organ of individuality, or that which distinguishes one person from another.

To-day has been so bad I have not gone to church, nor have I seen Mr. Pinckney. I suppose I shall likely meet him to-morrow at the Commencement; I shall really be glad to see him. I received a letter from Colonel Hoke saying that John W. Roberts had commenced preaching.

I will get your mother the books you request if they can be found in the book stores.

You must excuse this short letter, as I have nothing to write. I hope you are all well and making out well. I should like very much to see you all. I hope to have that pleasure to-night two weeks; the day agreed upon by the House for adjournment is Friday 18th.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Thursday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—I must write you to-night, as I shall not have time to do so in the morning. Your letter gave me great pleasure. I read with infinite satisfaction your advice, and always take the concluding part of it which is to do as I think best. You have reason to believe me a most dutiful and obedient husband in always accepting the last advice given by you.

I made a speech yesterday which has drawn from the members much praise and high compliments. You will see some account of it, and the debate generally, in the next *Mountaineer*. Mr. Carroll, of Barnwell, came to my seat to thank me for the speech. Colonel Simonson said it was the highest triumph of reason over fanaticism he had ever witnessed. Colonel Dudley told me it had produced a complete revolution in the House. Colonel Hunt said at the Governor's party in the evening, that my argument was "not only convincing, but overwhelming." Mr. Bellingher thanked me for the speech. General Adams said he was delighted with it and congratulated me most heartily. The speech was a spontaneous burst of feeling against the bill to exclude from office persons who may hereafter be concerned in a duel. The gallery was crowded with ladies. The question had been discussed two days before I spoke. Memminger, Henry, Symons, Fuller, etc., in favor of the bill, and Dorie,

*Dorie*

Dudley and Singleton against it. No one dared to reply to my speech, and the House rejected the bill.

I send you a Cheraw paper, in which you will find a sketch of some of the members of the Legislature, and your husband amongst them, first on the list. The sketches are written by Colonel Dudley, and are pleasing and complimentary. I regard the compliment to myself the more highly because I am first drawn.

You misunderstood me in supposing that Albert Rhett thought there was any coldness or want of friendship on the part of your mother. He only blamed himself for having neglected to keep up his intimacy. It would be improper for me to mention the subject again to him; there is no occasion for it, and it would seem like making it a matter of unnecessary consequence and importance. I see a good deal of Rhett, and went with him this evening to the Governor's levee. I returned quite early and have been talking with Judge Huger all the evening since.

I have bought a music box for Anne, which plays most charmingly "Sweet Home" and "Isabella." It is a pretty box and in good tune. I have bought the gold thimble for Susan, and had the initials of her name cut on it beautifully. I bought for you a beautiful set of knives, the prettiest I ever saw; one dozen large ones and a dozen small ones; price, \$12.00. I also bought for you two beautiful salt spoons, with silver bowls and pearl handles, \$1.50; two pickle knives, beautifully contrived to be fork or knife, or both, silver and pearl, \$2.50; for myself I have bought a shaving brush and a cake of soap. There is no butter-knife left like those I sent you, but I will get one for your mother of a different description and more beautiful. I can find nothing for Will yet. I will bring him a father's love, at least. How I should like to see the dear little fellow; another week and I hope to have that pleasure.

I am very kind to my colleagues and like them very much. I am polite to all the members, and I believe they all respect me very much.

I must now bid you good-night, as it is after eleven o'clock. Give my love to all, your mother, Susan and Anne. Kiss Will for me, and I will pay you back with interest when I return.

I forgot to tell you about the Bible Convention, but you will see all about it in the next *Mountaineer*. I saw Mr. Pinckney, he was detained two days on the road by bad weather.

Your husband,

B. F. PERRY.



COLUMBIA, Sunday morning.

*My Dear Lizzy:*—Your letter of Tuesday was received Friday evening, and gave me great pleasure. I assure you I read all of your advice with the greatest interest, and have much respect for your opinions and counsel; but you need not be uneasy as to the influence which they may have on my political action. I always reflect when I differ with you in opinion that it is because you are not so well acquainted with the subject as I am; that you have not reflected so much about it, or have not seen it in all of its bearings.

It would delight me to have Will once more in my arms seated at the foot of the table. I shall claim the exclusive privilege of holding the little fellow on my return, which privilege, I suppose, none of you will care to dispute with me or share with me. Tell him, however, I shall slap him pretty often if he does not behave himself. This day week I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you all again, and I assure you it will be a great pleasure.

I cannot get the books you desire, nor am I able to procure Miss Leslie's works for your mother. I am truly sorry that I shall not be able to get the butter-knife either. There are none like yours, and the others are such as you once bought in Charleston, which break off at the handle. There is a pair of very large silver ones which he asks \$12.00 for, and not handsome. I must study out some other present for your mother. I am very much inclined to purchase you a thimble; Susan's is the prettiest thing you ever saw, and her initials beautifully engraved on it. You know if I get one for you it will last always. I prefer spending money for something which will last and be of value years hence. I think dress and frippery the poorest way in which money can be spent; it is gone or thrown away and forgotten in a short time, not so with books, jewelry, etc.

Your mistake in waking up Delia and Eliza was an amusing incident, and the same thing occurred to me last night. Colonel Irby's Jim, who waits on me, came into my room with a candle and armful of wood and pine to make a fire. I thought it was rather soon and looked very dark. Jim began to think he might be mistaken and looked at my watch, and saw it was only four o'clock, almost three hours before day. He very gently laid down his wood and went off to sleep again. I thought of your mistake and laughed heartily at the coincidence.

I am surprised you did not hear of Colonel Towns' election, as I mentioned it in my letters to Wells. I saw Samuel Earle in a jeweller's shop the evening after I received your letter, and I told him, by way of plaguing him, that he had better be at home, that I had just received intelligence there was some one interfering with his arrangements in Greenville. He

appeared to be very uneasy till I admitted it was not so ; but I told him I had heard something about the 24th, which made him blush.

I am very busy ; the Legislature did not adjourn till after ten o'clock, and we shall have to sit all day and a great portion of the night constantly if we are to get through Friday night. For an account of our business, I must refer you to my letters in the *Mountaineer*.

You are mistaken about the character of the books I have purchased, they are all valuable. "Walker on Woman," is a learned and scientific work and very interesting ; how could it be otherwise, having so interesting a subject ? "The Men at Arms," is James' last novel. "Walker on Intermarriage," is a most curious book, telling how the human breed may be improved by intermarriage, and how it has degenerated in royal families by the marriage of relations.

You must write me Wednesday and I will receive it Friday night before starting home.

Your affectionate husband, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

P. S.—My dear wife, since writing this letter, I have received yours of Thursday's date, which was a most agreeable surprise, as you said you would not write by that mail. In regard to the carpet you have my entire approbation, and how could I object when you propose to purchase it. I will be certain to see your aunt, Mrs. Robert Hayne, before I leave here. I am glad you and Will and your mother and Susan are well, and am very sorry to hear Anne is not so. I received a letter from Colonel Towns saying you had been unwell, but was now quite well. I also received a letter from Mr. Goodleti, the Sheriff, saying one of the young ladies was slightly indisposed. I hope you are all well by this time.

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COLUMBIA, Monday morning.

*My Dear Liz* :—I received your letter last night which gave me great pleasure. I did not hear from you last mail and was uneasy. You wrote me the mail before that you had a pain in your face. I went down to the post office, which is never opened on Sunday evenings, and made such a fuss that they let me in.

I am truly happy to know you are getting on so well, for your situation has given me a great deal of uneasiness ; but I know you are not of a fearful disposition, and that you have a great deal of good practical sense and management. I believe there are few ladies with your expe-

rience who could get on in the world better than yourself if thrown on their own resources.

I have purchased Will two pair of shoes for \$1.50 ; they are very strong and neat and will wear a great while ; one pair is too large for him at present. Mr. Burt said to me the other day that he wished to make him a present of something and asked what would be the most suitable. He asked if I could tell the size of his head ; he wished to give him a hat. Burt was under the impression that we had lost our baby again ; I suppose from Will's colic last Summer at the Court of Equity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Cunningham is not here and has not been. John has returned as I wrote you in my last letter.

I will purchase the morocco for you as required in your last letter. You may expect me home on Friday night if I can get off ; if not, I shall be home Sunday night. I am very anxious to get off and be at home once more with you and Will.

As I expect to see you so soon and have so much to say, I will now conclude. Hoping this letter will find you at tea, Will asleep in his cradle, and Delia at your back, Minerva in the kitchen and James just returned from the post office, Carlo at the door, and the cows and hogs in their proper places, and all well and happy.

Good-morning, my dear wife. Your affectionate husband,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 3, 1841.

*My Dear Lizzy* :—I have only time to write you a few lines before the mail closes. I have been engaged all day in the Court of Appeals, and was fortunate enough to get pretty well through my cases. In the case you were kind enough to copy for me I shall get a new trial. I think I shall also in the case of McBee and Irvin ; that is, I shall succeed, but no new trial will be ordered. The other side appealed.

I sent your package to Mrs. Hayne this morning ; she sent me word that she would be very glad indeed to see me and that she was quite well. I will go and see her to-morrow. I am going to ride out this evening with Colonel Fair to see Hampton's fine horses. I shall probably start home on Friday or Saturday, and be at home Sunday or Monday night. I had quite a pleasant ride down to Columbia ; Judge Gantt overtook us, and we stopped on the roadside and eat yours and your mother's ginger



cakes. The weather was cool and pleasant. I hope you had no frost in Greenville. There was a slight frost at Laurens the night I staid there.

I have not been anywhere to-day except to the Appeal Court. I will endeavor to execute your commission in the way of purchasing guitar strings, etc. I am writing in Mr. Burt's room and he is reading a novel on the bed. He and many others inquired after you. I may purchase a few books if I can get them home. Burt is going to Charleston for the first time in his life, and insists on my going with him; but this I shall not do.

I am anxious to hear from you and Will, and went to the post office this morning, thinking that you might perchance have written to me. I hope Will behaves himself quite well, and that you are managing well, all the servants obedient, and the cows well, and pigs well attended to. I shall expect a letter on Wednesday evening. Your briefs were handed to the Judges this morning, and I suppose they thought themselves highly honored in having you to write for them.

Give my love to all your mother's family. Kiss Will for me. I will write you more fully by the next mail. In haste

. Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Wednesday, 1 o'clock.

*My Dear Wife:*—I have just been to see your Aunt <sup>all</sup> Benton\*; she *W. R.* met me weeping like a child, and I burst into tears with her. I have *y. H.* never seen any one so much altered and worn down with grief and sorrow. I do not believe she is half as large as she was when I last saw her, and she looks like an old woman. After sitting some time with her she became composed and conversed. She says her health is bad; that if it were not for her sons she had no object to live for. She inquired after you and mother and sisters and Will, and spoke of the wisdom your mother had shown in selecting Greenville as her residence; said it had long been "her brother's" wish that she should do so. She conversed very freely about your mother and herself with me. Whilst we were talking, Miss Ramsay and Francis Hayne came in. They are in Columbia a few days on a visit; they are going to Judge Harper's on a visit. I gave them a most cordial invitation to visit us in Greenville, and told them it would give us great pleasure to <sup>have them</sup> do so. I think they were half-way inclined to do so, although they refused. One of Mrs. Hayne's sons came in whilst I was there. She says she has a cap for Will, and some

other bundle which she wishes me to take with me, and which she will send around to my boarding house.

I have bought Will a cap, a very pretty one, new fashion, for \$3.00. I have bought you a gold thimble, \$6.00, and have had your initials put on it, Susan's in the same way, and the music box for Anne. I am sorry I have no better present than Miss Leslie's book for your mother, the knife I could not get.

I shall be at home Sunday evening. Judge Earle goes up in the morning and is to carry my books in <sup>post</sup> for the Greenville Library; he will also have in the same bundle two law books and Miss Leslie's book.

I have stolen out of the House to write you, and write in great haste. You may expect me Sunday evening. I have a great deal to tell you. Kiss Will for me.

Yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

\* Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne. *Will, Godmother*

PICKENS C. H., Wednesday morning.

*My Dear Liz*.—I avail myself of the opportunity of writing you a few lines by Colonel Towns, who returns this morning. I have been very uneasy about you ever since I left home. I do not know that I ever had my feelings more anxious than they have been. I hope, however, that you will be as good as your promise and postpone the matter until my return; but should it be otherwise, I have the consolation of knowing that your mother will be with you and every other assistance you might require. It would, however, be much better if I could be with you myself. I do not know when I shall be able to return. There is a great deal of business in Court, and I have a good share of it. There are several important cases to be tried in which I am concerned; as soon as they are over I shall be at home, perhaps Friday, and it may be not till Saturday.

I hope Will is quite well, and behaves himself better of nights than he did last week. I woke up in the night and put out my hand involuntarily to feel if the cover is on the crib, then for a long time I am thinking of you and Will.

My horse and buggy have done well, except that the wheel got locked by the tightness of the screws as I came on to Pickens, and I had to get out and walk a mile in the night through the mud. General Thompson was with me. We stopped at Pickensville for dinner, and were delayed until night overtook us before we got to Pickens Court

House. The horse is very gentle, and when I get home from the circuit I will ride you out every day, and make Will sit at the foot of the seat.

I hope my pigs are doing well ; you must make Minerva and George attend to them well.

In great haste, and I am writing whilst others are talking to me.

Yours truly, my dear wife,

B. F. PERRY.

ANDERSON C. H., Wednesday morning.

*Dear Lizzy* :—I have time only to write you a line this morning by Colonel Towns. I cannot say when I shall be able to leave this place, not till the last of the week. I am very anxious to get back again and see you and Will and the little daughter. I do not feel, however, the same uneasiness that I did at Pickens, as it is all over and you are doing well. I heard by General Thompson that you were quite well Sunday evening. I am anxious to see the dear little girl, as I barely got a glimpse of her before I started from home.

I heard Judge Evans say yesterday that a father's love for his child was gradual and not sudden and instinctive like the mother's. I am sure it is correct ; my love for Will is a thousand times greater than it was when I first saw him. I feel an affection for him which I cannot feel for our dear little daughter at present. When she grows older and can talk and walk, I shall feel for her the same love which I now have for Will.

General Whitner told me that he understood I did not leave Pickens in such a hurry for nothing, and congratulated me on the increase of my family.

There is a good deal of business in Court. I may get off Friday morning.

Kiss our dear little children for me, and tell Will he shall ride in the buggy when I get home again.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

PICKENS, Friday evening.

*My Dear Liz* :—I only have time to inform you that I shall not be able to return home before I go to Anderson. You may well suppose the disappointment it is to me. How I should like to see you and the children ; but it will hasten my return from Anderson Court. I have had a great deal of business at this Court, more than I ever had before. Mr. Young has not come here, and I have been employed in all of his and



Burt's cases. So far, I have been pretty successful. Every case in Court of any importance, I am on one side or the other.

I hope you are doing well and the children all well. I hope poor Anne is better; I really felt very much shocked when I saw her on Sunday morning.

My horse is lame and almost worthless; has got what jockeys call the stiff disorder, but I will make the seller pay back the \$150 which I gave for him.

Kiss Will and Anna; Towns is starting.

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Sunday night, May, 1841.

*My Dear Liz* :—I reached here this morning about 2 o'clock, covered with dust and much fatigued by the heat and journey. I overtook Mrs. Thompson and Eliza in the stage this morning, and travelled some distance with them. Mr. Young, Colonel Irby and Mr. Pope were also in the stage. They all drank of my wine and eat of your cake and gingerbread. Mrs. Thompson said something to me about travelling with so many bottles, and I told her you put them up for me. She said it was very well to give you the credit, etc. I had no company with me and came down all alone, until I overtook the stage. The dust was horrible; you can form no idea of it. They have had no rain here for many weeks until this evening, a very moderate shower fell since my arrival here and has cooled the atmosphere a little.

I think it very probable I shall have to remain here till the last of next week, and perhaps then not try any of my cases. The business before mine is not half disposed of, and perhaps my visit here may be all for nothing. I will, however, attend to the case in Sumter about Mr. Mayrout's property.

I hope you and the children are all well, and that the servants are all in peace. I had a visit from George this evening; he inquired very affectionately about his wife, you, the children and the servants. He is very anxious to get back to Greenville.

I have not yet seen any of the Judges and not many of the lawyers, and I have nothing to write you; but to-morrow I shall be very busy, I have a great many commissions to execute for my friends in Greenville. They stopped me from one end of the street to the other as I left on Friday last, and pursued me to the creek with commissions. I brought down with me many thousand dollars.

I saw Colonel McNeely this evening, from Charleston, who informed me that Mr. Cunningham and Pamela came up with him as far as Branchville, and went on to Hamburgh. Mr. Cunningham sent his respects to me and said I must mount the stump in favor of Texas. I replied I was opposed to it.

I have not yet heard anything from the dinner to General Thompson in this place.

I hope you are electioneering for me with all the country people you see. I am very anxious to hear from you. I hope you have written to me. You must write every mail and tell me all the family news, etc.

Judge Earle is in Charleston, and his health not improved, as I am informed.

I must now conclude this hasty scroll. Kiss the children for me and tell them to kiss you for me.

Yours truly, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Wednesday evening.

*My Dear Liz* :—I have just received and read your letter, and the Postmaster told me he would wait twenty minutes only before he closed the mail, so I must write in a hurry. It is needless to say that your letter gave me great pleasure. I could read one from you every hour in the day and wish for another. I am sorry you will not write next mail. I shall then only receive one more letter from you before I return home. I shall be at home Wednesday night. Colonel Towns will return Sunday night. We have made considerable progress in our cases, and the Court will adjourn the first of next week. Several of the lawyers came in after their cases had been called. Colonel Irby got here this evening, Colonel Fair this morning, Mr. Burt yesterday, Colonel Herndon also yesterday. Tell Anne that Colonel Herndon says he now sleeps soundly, and he looks a great deal better. Judge Butler was very humorous in his remarks about Herndon worrying and not sleeping. Judge Butler inquired how Anne was, and asked how many children you had. He told me Dr. Butler had been very sick; had bursted a blood vessel and was spitting blood, but better. *very much*

I am truly glad to hear the children are doing so well, and that Will is becoming so affectionate and inquires after me. I am also glad to hear you have found the house key and that the servants are doing well.

I do not know yet the result of any of my cases, nor can I give any information on the subject.

I must conclude my letter or the mail will be closed. I will write you a long one by Colonel Towns and send you some little packages.

God bless you, my dear wife,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Monday morning.

*My Dear Liz:*—I arrived here yesterday about three o'clock in the evening, a good deal tired and fatigued, although we had otherwise a pleasant ride. There were no person in the stage till we reached Newbery except Colonel Towns, Mr. Earle and myself. At Newbery we took in General Caldwell and two others. We ate your gingerbread and praised it a good deal, but it gave out before we reached Columbia. The brandy also gave out the first day. We overtook the Pendleton delegation and they drank it all at one time.

I saw Mr. Wm. Ed. Hayne last night for a few minutes; he said they were all well and that his chance of success in the election for Treasurer is very good. I saw Colonel Taylor also; he says Mrs. Taylor's health is bad, but better than it was at Greenville.

A great many of the members have not yet arrived, and I have not seen many of them. Colonel Dawkins, Colonel Fair and others, inquired very particularly after the "wife and children."

I hope, my dear wife, you will get on well with the servants and household during my absence. I regret very much having to be so long absent; I would infinitely prefer being at home with you and the "children." In fact, I am becoming unwilling to leave home at all. I hope the dear little daughter, Anna, will grow finely in my absence, and be quite a plump, fine looking babe on my return. However, I think she was this before I left. Tell Will he must be a good boy and behave himself.

Have my pigs and cattle and horse taken good care of. I saw the man from whom I purchased the horse; he says he will do what is right about him next Fall, if the horse continues lame.

I hope your mother and sisters will now have a more pleasant time than they did; give my love to them.

I saw Dr. Blonding last night, who told me he had been at the Asylum where Powel McRae is, and that there was a hope of his recovery; that the mother had been there trying to get admittance, but could not; that she had had an interview with Powel's wife and asked her for the oldest daughter, which was given to her with great cheerfulness by the wife. The old lady said she wanted something to love and cling to.



I write you in great haste, before breakfast. It is now raining ; I cannot get on my boots and have sent them to be stretched, and shall likely have to buy another pair.

You must write every mail if you can, and let me hear all about the children, servants, cattle and pigs.

Kiss the children for me and tell Will papa wishes him to be a good boy.

Your affectionate husband, etc., etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Wednesday.

*My Dear Liz* :—I have but two or three minutes to write you in. I hope to hear from you this evening, and my business may prevent my writing to you next mail.

We had quite a scene in the House this morning. Colonel Dudley moved the impeachment of Judge ———, and Albert Rhett moved to extend it to all the Judges who were in the habit of getting drunk. The matter will come up to-morrow for discussion.

Mr. Roper informed me that he has your mother's box with him, and will send it down to my room this evening. I will send it up by Colonel Towns and the spoons ; he will go up next week. I have got me another pair of spectacles, very handsome. I have also bought a magnifying glass to stand on the centre table and look at pictures, with twenty-two engravings, very beautiful. I have also bought Will a pair of shoes and will send them also.

My boots hurt me so much that I had to buy another pair, which hurt me very much also.

I write you in a great hurry, and have just written a letter to Mr. Wells.

I wish to see you and the dear little children very much. I think of you and dream of you. Kiss them for me and talk to Will about me lest he forgets his papa.

Give my love to your mother and sisters.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Wednesday morning.

*My Dear Liz* :—After writing you yesterday morning, I met with Major Hodges, who informed me that he was going to-day to Greenville, and would carry any little bundle which I might have. I sent by him the glass to look at pictures and the twenty-two prints, which I informed you I had purchased. Hodges will be at Dr. Chicks' Friday evening, the evening you receive this letter, and you had better send up for the glass and pictures; I also put up the telescope for Anne. You can take the glass and screw it together and put it up; place it on the table, put the print at the foot, open the glass so you can look through one into the other and see the picture; you will see the images as large as life; be careful or you may break it. The telescope is a pretty thing, you look through one end and see the pebbles magnified and roll about.

We had quite a novel scene in the House yesterday. John L. Wilson sent to the Speaker articles of impeachment against Judge ———, for oppression in Court and habitual drunkenness. The paper was read and the reply of Judge ——— to Wilson. The House determined without a dissenting vote to lay the articles of impeachment on the table and not act on them. I was in the Court of Appeals in the morning, and Judge ——— came to me and informed me that Wilson's communication would be read in the House, and he wished me to be there. Had it not been for this information I should have been absent.

Mr. McBee's cases have not been decided yet, nor Cauble and

. Yesterday the Court delivered opinions in all the other cases tried but them. I suppose from this they have some difficulty in deciding the cases. To-day we argue McBee and Henning's case, brought by Colonel Cox and others.

We have also a grand military parade to-day and a great number of officers present; it will be a day of great confusion. They are to have a sham battle and fight over the battle of the Cowpens; one portion of the troops to represent the British and the other the Americans.

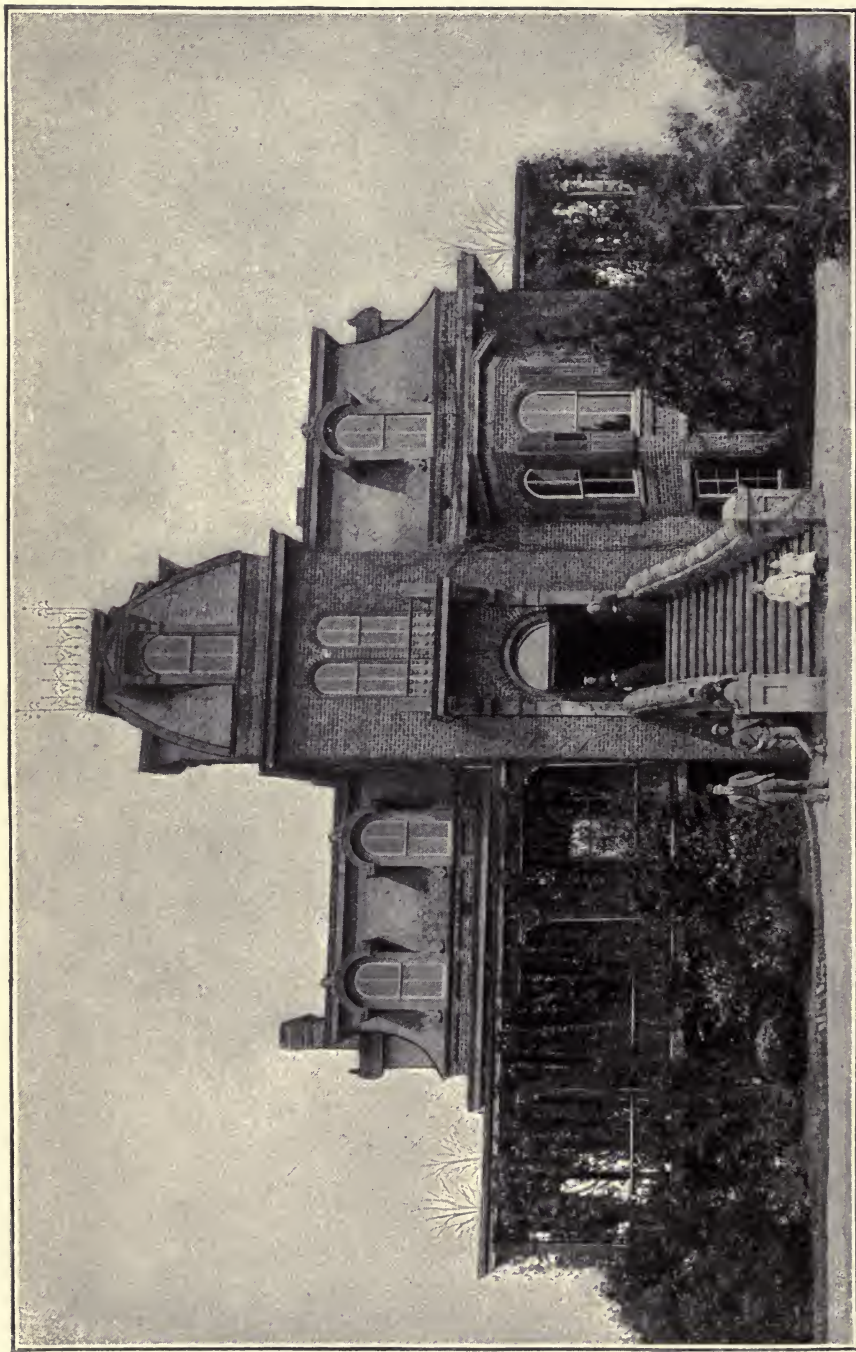
I hope to hear from you this evening; if I do not I shall be very uneasy and wretched. Do write me every mail if it is but one line, I will then know you are all well. I must go to breakfast.

*calidescope*

B. F. PERRY.







"SANS SOUCI," RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Friday morning.

*My Dear Liz* :—I received from you by the last mail two letters, one of which I ought to have received the mail before. I had on my mind, somehow or other, an apprehension that you were not well, and this apprehension has been painfully realized. Both of your letters were written in bed, and whilst I value them much more on that account, it distresses me very much to think you are suffering with pain. I hope you will soon be well, for you suffered so much in the same way before. It is dreadful, indeed, that you must every time suffer so intensely. I do most sincerely pray that the remedies may be successful. I look forward to-night with great anxiety when the mail will bring me another letter from you, or your mother, if you are in too much pain to write. Last mail when I received your letters, I was first informed that there were no letters for me; I turned off in great agony, and as I was going to my room met the barkeeper with twelve letters for me and two from you. My heart felt light for the moment, but its heaviness returned on reading of your painful condition.

I am indeed sorry that my intimation of leaving public life distresses you. You must be certain that I know more about these matters than you do, and that I would take no step unless it was for the better. A seat in the Legislature interferes very much with my practice in the Court of Appeals; it is impossible to attend to both. My attention is too much divided to do justice to either place. At home I must be constantly electioneering and neglecting my profession to keep up my popularity and vindicate my course in the Legislature. My business in the Court of Appeals will necessarily bring me to Columbia twice in the year, when I shall see persons from all parts of the State and keep up my acquaintance. Talent is shown as well in conversation and in the ordinary intercourse between gentlemen as in the Legislature, and I am sure it is more highly appreciated in the former way. I have read too much, and am endowed by nature with too much mind (I hope) ever to fall into insignificance or obscurity. My speeches and publications made on suitable occasions will forbid it.

We have had a great military show here for two days past, some forty or fifty Generals and Aids-de-camp in full uniform, marching and strutting through the streets; five or six hundred cavalry well mounted, and one thousand infantry, with two or three thousand spectators. Last night there was a grand military ball at the Governor's; I was invited but did not go. The night before I was invited to a party at Mr. Clark's, but did not attend.

I shall be at home on Sunday night week, a week from the night you receive this letter. I have sent my books by a wagon to Mr. Billings's neighborhood by Mr. Lattimore.

Mr. Wm. Ed. Hayne appears quite serious ; I see him every two or three days. Colonel Martin is quite jovial ; he, Burt, Judge Huger, Wise and myself have a table to ourselves at which we always sit and talk. Judge Huger is a most pleasant companion, and the more I see him the better I like him. I like Burt, too, very much and we are particularly intimate and much together.

I must now conclude to go to breakfast. Kiss the children and give my love to your mother and sisters. I hope the servants are doing well. Write me all about them and the pigs, etc., etc.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Sunday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—Your letter in pencil was received this evening, and it gives me great pain to hear that you are still confined to your bed. I was in hopes from your last letter that the prescription of Mrs. Butler had relieved you. It must, indeed, be most painful and harassing to you, ten days in bed. I think it probable that I will be at home in the next stage. I can neither enjoy myself here nor be fit for business. I shall have got through with all my business as Chairman of Claims by Thursday morning, and all the bills I take any interest in will have been acted on, so that I can leave here very well. The business of the session will be over, and to stay two days longer will be a matter of hardship which I cannot endure. I wish to be at home with you and see you and administer to your comfort while sick.

The little matters spoken of in your letter shall be purchased if I can find them. It gives me the greatest pleasure to gratify all your wishes and desires.

We are working very hard in the Legislature. Yesterday the House met at 10 o'clock in the morning and we sat there till 5 o'clock in the evening without leaving our seats scarcely ; we then went to the tavern and eat dinner and came back half after six at night, and sat till two o'clock this morning without leaving the House. This makes about fourteen hours we sat in one day. I feel bad to-day in consequence of the loss of sleep, etc. We were engaged in passing the Military Bill, and the Governor sent for me and requested me to take it under my charge and get the House to adopt it. The opponents of the bill made the most violent



opposition to it, and tried every way to delay and hinder us and fatigue us out ; but I gave them notice that we intended to stay till sunrise Sunday morning or pass the bill ; that we could stay as long as they could, and we did and passed the bill.

We had a considerable discussion yesterday on the Bank question, and the gallery was filled with ladies. I made a speech in reply to Rhett, which Colonel Hunt complimented very highly, although opposed to me on that question. He spoke in reply to me, said I had taken the words out of his mouth and expressed his own sentiments, but in much better language than he was able to do ; that it was the very speech he was going to have made, and yet he differed with me in my conclusions, etc.

I hope you have received the glass, etc., sent by Mr. Hodges, and that it was not injured.

Monday morning.

I have just been out and had put up a box of oranges, two dozen ; pine apples ; two pounds of Malaga grapes, bananas, box of kisses, etc., which will be sent you by the stage. You had better send up to the stage office and get them, I thought you would like to have them before I got home, the sooner the better.

Nothing further. Your letter Wednesday will determine whether I return Friday or Sunday. In haste.

Your affectionate husband,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Friday evening.

*Dear Liz* :—I have but a few minutes to write you in again. Carroll has beaten Mr. Hayne for Treasurer by twenty votes. Carroll made great exertions. I have not seen him since.

I have been getting a tooth made to-day and will have it put in shortly. I have bought a good many books at Dr. Cooper's sale. I will send some of them by Colonel Towns.

Judge —— is very much distressed about Rhett's resolution. It is thought Judge —— will resign. The whole matter stands over until next week.

I have nothing to write you of interest. I hope to get a letter from you this evening, as I am anxious to hear how you are getting on and to hear from the children.

I will write you a long letter on Sunday, as that is a leisure day. None of my cases have been tried yet.

Yours truly, my dear Liz,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Sunday.

*My Dear Liz* :—We have a considerable snow this morning and the streets are very sloppy. I hope you do not, therefore, think it wrong in me to write you a letter instead of going to church. It is, indeed, a most uncomfortable day, but notwithstanding, I walked over to the Law Library to hunt up some law in McBee's cases which will be tried this week. This, you know, is the work of necessity, and therefore may be done on the Sabbath.

Your letter of Wednesday morning was received Friday evening and gave me great pleasure. I went to the post office with Mr. James Rhett, and was told there were no letters for me. I replied to the Postmaster that he was mistaken and there must be a letter for me. He looked again and found yours. Rhett observed "from your wife; I thought you spoke very positively; mine has not written me yet." Whilst on this subject let me tell you a joke Judge Huger had on me one morning at the breakfast table. I had told him what you said about my going to see the pigs one day before I went to see you. Colonel Fair that morning had told him that he tried to get me to go with him and eat oysters, etc., one evening at the book auction, and I would not leave the books. Judge Huger said in a good-natured way that if I "went to see my pigs before I did my wife, I would not leave my books for my friends." Knowing so well as he does my devotion to you, he took great pleasure in "joking" me on the subject. Judge Huger, Burt and myself have got together again at table and always sit together.

I saw your Cousin Alston Hayne the other night. He called to see me and I introduced him to Judge Huger who was sitting with me. He spent a half-hour with us. Judge Huger saw him at the north this Summer, and said after he left us that he was "a clever and promising youth." I think so too. He will do credit to the name of his father. He told me that his mother was in better health. Arthur has gone to Charleston to study medicine.

There is great difficulty in getting a President of the College. Mr. Poinsett, Judge Huger, Colonel Preston have all been applied to, and strange to say, Colonel Memminger came to me last night to know if I would accept the Presidency of the College. I could hardly understand him at first; that I, who had never been in college, should be thought of as the President of the first literary institution in the Southern States, was passing strange; but they say their object is more to get a man of high character than a literary man. I told Memminger that nothing could induce me to accept the station.

It is said Judge Gantt will resign to-morrow, and if so, Wardlaw will be elected immediately to fill his place. Who will take Wardlaw's place as Speaker is doubtful ; a dozen members have been spoken of. I shall go for Memminger, and next to him Colcock.

Two of our Judges are in great trouble, but it will all amount to nothing. They are considered two of the best Judges in the State, and we are not disposed to dismiss them.

I am truly glad you are getting on well with the servants and household. I wish to be with you and the children. We have done but little in the Legislature yet. Yesterday there was some discussion on the Trial of Slaves, in which I took a part, and was thanked for my course both by Colonel Hunt and Albert Rhett.

I will purchase the table covers for you and the books if I can find them. I have purchased more than one hundred volumes of Dr. Cooper's library. I got the books for very little ; one book was priced \$20.00, and I purchased it at auction for 62½ cents ; many others in the same way. I have had several presents made of books since I have been here. The State Reporter, McMullin, made me a present of his Reports as soon as they were published, but unfortunately I had just purchased a copy and paid the bookseller \$5.00 for it. I now have two copies, but Colonel Towns says he will take one copy and pay me for it. Dr. Myers made me a present of "Lord Bacon's Letters." I must conclude. Give my love to all and kiss the children Will and Anne.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Wednesday.

*My Dear Liz* :—Your kind letter on Sunday last was received after I had sealed my letter to you. It gave me great pleasure, and I am sorry that my time has been so much occupied in Court and in the Legislature that I can barely write you a few lines this evening in reply.

Judge Gantt has resigned, Mr. Wardlaw has been elected Judge, and Colonel Colcock, Speaker ; he beat Major Henry a long ways.

I have argued all my cases but two, but do not know how they will be decided.

I have had the tooth put in this morning and my mouth feels like it was full of mush. It has bothered me a great deal.

Judge Earle is unwell and not able to be in Court to-day.

I have got Colonel Ware to write for the *Mountaineer*, and will now have more time to write you.



Colonel Towns will return home Sunday night and I will send by him the spoons and table covers, and some other matters. Tell Anne I have bought for her a present, a beautiful telescope. I have not made many purchases. *calderwls*

I must now stop or I shall not get this letter in the mail. Kiss the children and give my love to your mother and sisters. In great haste.

Yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, Friday morning.

*My Dear Liz* :—Your letter written last Monday was received Wednesday night, and it gave me great pleasure as do all of your letters. I long to be at home again with you and Will and little Anna. Home to me has more attractions than any other place, and more pleasures and happiness. I could spend every day and hour of my life at home without a wish or inclination to go anywhere. I am tired too of legislation, it is hard work and I do not take the same interest in it that I used to do. I do not expect to be a candidate again. My time, however, passes here as pleasantly as I could expect. There are a good many gentlemen with whom it gives me great pleasure to associate.

I have bought you a pair of table covers, the most beautiful things of the kind you ever saw, but the price was \$10.00. They will last always, wash well, not show stains and be cheaper in the end; so says the merchant. You must not scold me for my extravagance, as it was my love for you and a wish to gratify your fancy and orders. I will send the covers, Will's shoes and your mother's bundle from Mr. Rosser by Colonel Towns, who goes up Saturday morning; the spoons also, if finished. *Rosser*

I do not know how I am to get my books home, I have got quite a load of them.

I was invited to the Governor's levee the other night, but did not go. I understand there was a great crowd.

I saw Mrs. Albert Rhett yesterday in the gallery. I could hardly believe my eyes; it seemed impossible that that faded, old lady, was the beautiful girl I knew some thirteen years since. What changes time will make. Rhett went up into the gallery and sat with her and seemed quite attentive.

To-day I have to attend the Court of Appeals, and will be engaged there all day. There is, too, an important bill before the House, and

Colonel Hunt has urged me most strongly to come and make a speech in favor of it. He told me that we could carry any just measure in that House, which is rather a compliment to both of us and the House into the bargain.

Friday evening.

It is now past five o'clock and the Greenville stage has not got in yet. I kept my letter open expecting to hear from you before I close it, but shall not. I have now got through all my law cases except one. When I gave the Judges your brief of Cauble and Loveland, Judge O'Neill remarked: "It is in a beautiful hand." I think I shall gain that case, and it is an important one. I am not so sure, but hope I may also succeed in getting some of McBee's cases back again.

We have had dreadful weather here for several days—snow, rain and mud, etc. I have just been through the mud to get your spoons, but was disappointed in getting the smaller ones and the sugar tongs.

Judge Earle has been sick, but is now well and was sitting in Court to-day. Judge Wardlaw has not yet taken his seat on the bench. Mr. Samuel Earle appears uneasy and discontented, and has been all the session; he spoke of asking leave of absence.

My tooth does better as I become more accustomed to it. With new spectacles and a new tooth, you may expect to see great improvement.

Give my love to all. I do not think the Legislature will adjourn before the 18th.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, Tuesday morning.

*My Dear Liz*:—I have not heard from you for two mails. What has happened? I feel very uneasy, and am afraid some of you are sick and that you will not write for fear of my returning home. When the mail came in Sunday evening, I was confident of receiving letters and made Colonel Maybin go back to the post office after night and search for letters. In the morning I went myself. The Postmaster informed me that no letters at all were received by that mail from Greenville. This relieved me a little, for I thought you had written and the package had miscarried or been put into the wrong mail. If I do not hear from you to-morrow evening, I shall be disposed to return to Greenville and see what is the matter. Adam Hall informed me yesterday that he saw John McBeth Wednesday, and you were all well then; but I received a letter from you on Monday preceding.

I was also mortified yesterday in not having an opportunity of writing to you by last night's mail. I did not write on Sunday, as I expected to hear from you that night and thought I would wait and answer your letter. Monday morning we had to go to the Commencement in College, and I intended to write after the House adjourned, but we sat till after the mail closed.

There was quite a display of ladies and gentlemen at the Commencement. I visited the library in college and amused myself in looking over the books. They have a splendid building, but the collection of books is not very extensive. I have purchased so many books that I am afraid I shall not be able to get them home. I have my trunk full and a box twice as large full—some very valuable works. In all, I suppose one hundred and fifty volumes—reading enough for the next year.

I wish you would make George hang up the meat, as it may be hurt if kept too long in pickle. I forgot to give directions about it when I left home. I wish, also, you would tell George to notice the buggy and see if the wheels are on plank or blocks to protect them from the ground, otherwise they may rot. Let me know whether Colonel Cox has hauled the corn.

The Legislature will adjourn on the 17th next, Friday week, and I long for the day to arrive. I shall be at home next Sunday week and have the unspeakable pleasure of clasping in my arms my dear Liz and the children. How I should like to see you this morning, you superintending your household affairs, Will playing over the room and the little girl sleeping in the innocence of her nature. I hope she has grown considerably. Since her birth I have been absent so much that she is almost unknown to me. I can hardly recall to my mind her features.

To-day I have to attend Court and argue the case of McBee and Henning for Mr. Cox. I shall also hear the decisions in the other cases, and as it is nearly time to go into Court I must conclude.

Give my love to your mother and sisters and kiss the children for me, my dear wife.

Your affectionate husband,

B. F. PERRY.



PENDLETON VILLAGE, Sunday, 11 o'clock.

*My Dear Liz* :—I have just got here on my way to Anderson, and will write you a line before the stage arrives.

I have done a fine business at Pickens Court, received more than two hundred dollars in cash, and made more than that amount which I have not received. I hope you will write me to-morrow. I am anxious to hear from you and the children and your mother's family and how you are all doing. I may not be at home till the last of the week ; this will depend on my business at Anderson. I will write you again at Anderson if I am detained all the week.

I must be in great haste as you may perceive by the letter. Judge Earle is much better.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

ANDERSON C. H., Tuesday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—Colonel Towns returns in the morning, and I will write you a few lines before I go to bed.

I was very much gratified to receive your letter and thank you kindly for it. I was truly glad to hear you were all well and doing well. When absent from home I am always uneasy for fear that you may have an undue portion of trouble and care in the management of the children and household. The dear little creatures, how I should like to see them. Being away from them increases my affection for them.

I hope to be at home on Thursday night. It is possible, however, that I may be detained till Friday night. There is not much business here, and I have not done so well as I did at Pickens ; that, however, was not to be expected. I have though received about seventy dollars in cash since I came here of my own costs and fees. If my business throughout the circuit continues as it has commenced, I shall do well. My hundred cases will be obtained.

I see by your letter there has been no increase in my family in the way of pigs and calves. I hope there is by this time, and that Nancy will have a numerous progeny to greet me on my arrival. I hardly expect so much from Victoria.

Your house is all to rights by this time. I am glad you avail yourself of my absence to whitewash and cleanse it. I do not like such business at all, at all.

I am truly sorry to hear of poor Gilbert's death and friend Blassengam's loss. Blassengam has been truly unfortunate. It is well your mother did not purchase Gilbert.

I was in hopes to have heard of Anne's being better ; she has, indeed, suffered a great deal, and my greatest astonishment is that she can endure and survive it.

I saw my brother Foster at Pickens Court ; he was on the jury and had to stay all the week. His wife has another son. Josiah and Melissa are quite well. Father and mother are in tolerable health.

Judge Earle is not so well again ; his voice became so weak and hoarse to-day in Court that he had to adjourn early in the evening. I hope he will be better in the morning.

After writing you last Sunday a few lines at Pendleton Village, I went to the Episcopal Church in company with Foster, and heard a sermon from Mr. Potter. It was Communion Sunday, and I left the church without speaking to Mr. Potter or any one else. There were a good many persons present. Colonel Huger and family and his son and his bride, formerly Miss Cheves. I sat in a pew just in front of Mrs. Stephens and near Mr. Potter.

Mrs. Hubbard inquired after your health with some interest, and Mr. Hubbard wished to know if we had had any more events in our family since we were in Pendleton. Mrs. Hubbard is really a very nice genteel woman and seems kind and amiable.

My horse is bad off ; he may make out to get home and it will be as much. Poor Gray has rendered but little service, and our rides in the buggy will be suspended till I get another horse.

I am afraid you will be scarce of money before I return. It is very well I left you the bill I did ; but if you should get out of funds I suppose your credit is good.

There was a woman indicted to-day for murdering her own child, a bastard ; but the Grand Jury found no bill. There was another fellow indicted for attempting to blow up the house in which two of his wife's aunts lived, so that he might kill them and get their property.

I have been reading "Walker on Female Beauty." It is an interesting work and similar in many respects to his works on "Intermarriage" and "Woman."

My dear Liz, I wish to see you very much. It seems a long time since I was at home. Kiss the dear little children for me. I hope Will will be glad to see me and greet me at the door.

It is now late in the night and I must bid you good-night. I have written you a long letter and I have written it without thought or reflection.

Yours truly and affectionately,

B. F. PERRY.

SPARTANBURGH C.H., Tuesday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—I will write you a few lines. Some one will be going to Greenville in the morning by whom I can send you a letter, but I have little or nothing to say to you. I am sure, however, that a letter will give you some interest although it contains nothing.

We stopped at Dantzeller's on Sunday, Judge Butler, General Whitner and myself; no one else. The bottle of wine was drank between Judge Butler and myself during dinner. He praised it very much, said it was delicious and seemed to enjoy it. I have no doubt General Whitner was sorry his hands were tied by the temperance pledge. Your pound-cake was regarded as being too rich to eat. General Whitner tasted it, and I gave the whole of it to Mrs. Dantzeller, who thanked me very kindly for it. Judge Butler said he intended to have called to see you during Court, but had not time.

I had the old man Davis turned out of jail. I have only two cases now to detain me here; one of them will be tried Thursday, and the other will probably be postponed. I shall be at home Friday.

I have made a purchase for Frank. It is a beautiful rattle, costing twenty cents, something cheaper than the one I spoke of buying in Columbia for Will some years since. I have also bought a medal the size of a dollar for Will or Anna, price twenty cents. There is an itinerant jeweller here selling articles in his line very cheap.

I delivered Delia's presents to her mother, and she seemed very much pleased with them and speaks of going to see Delia next Christmas. I think it more than probable that all of Walker's property will have to be sold in a short time. Some one told me that his tavern and all his furniture was already advertised for sale.

I hope you and the children are all well and doing well. I wish to see you very much. It seems I am to be constantly from home. I shall not be able to stay at home more than five or six days before I start to Columbia.

Kiss the children for me. Good-night. I saw Dr. Irvin this evening, who told me all were well in Greenville this morning. It is a great pleasure to hear from home.

Yours truly and sincerely,

B. F. PERRY.



SPARTANBURGH, Wednesday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—I shall be disappointed in returning home to-morrow as I expected to do. The old man, Davis, whom I defended for murder, is to be tried again in the morning. He was tried Tuesday and found guilty, but recommended by the jury to be pardoned. The speech I made in his defence has been well spoken of by the crowd. I wish I may be as successful in the morning.

The Court will not get half through the business. I have been engaged in one important case to assist Mr. Leitner and General Whitner, but the case will not likely come on this week.

I took tea this evening with Mr. Bobo, and saw his wife for the first time. She is a sensible and interesting lady. They have their house handsomely fitted up with Harley's furniture. I saw on Monday evening Mrs. Nicoll (formerly Miss Crook). I went to the jail to see a prisoner and met her ladyship. The Major also invited me to pay them a visit before I left.

I shall be at home on Friday or Saturday. Kiss the children for me, and believe me yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sunday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—I arrived here late this evening and am very much fatigued, having driven to-day forty-five miles over a rough road; but notwithstanding my fatigue, I will write you a few lines to-night for fear I may not have time to do so in the morning. I should not have time to write after Court adjourned to-morrow evening before the mail closes for Greenville.

I have had fine weather for travelling since I left home. The first night I staid at Goldsmith's, and considerable rain fell during the night, but next day there was no rain. I reached Mr. Cunningham's Friday evening, just before night. Mrs. Cunningham had not returned from Hamburgh. Miss Pamela was quite unwell, had not been out of her room for several days and had to be brought down stairs in the arms of a servant. She walked with great difficulty even in the drawing room. There was a Miss McDowell staying with her, in the capacity somewhat, of friend and nurse, during Mrs. Cunningham's absence.

The grounds, garden, fences and general appearance of Mr. Cunningham's residence are very much improved, and are indeed very handsome. I have never seen any more beautiful. Their drawing room is truly magnificent; very much improved since you saw it by a beautiful and costly carpet, four immense mirrors, chairs, ottomans, etc.

Mr. Cunningham said he saw so little company (not even his own family, except at meal times), that he had almost forgotten how to keep up a conversation. Miss Pamela had to have pillows brought down and reclined on the sofa. She said she would write to you the day I left there. I hope she did so. She inquired a great deal about you all, and especially her God-son. She intends going to Charleston with Mrs. Croft.

At Newbery I saw Colonel Fair; he pressed me very hard to go and stay all night with him. I was too much fatigued, and he sat with me till after tea. He inquired how many children we have; said he had but one yet.

To-day I travelled down with Judge O'Neal and Mr. Pope. We stopped and took dinner at a creek on the road, ate very heartily of your ginger cake and corn pound cake. I was ashamed of my bottle of brandy, and told the Judge I had something in my trunk which he should not see. He asked me if it was not a tickler. I told him I should answer no questions. The bottle is still full. I drank about a spoonful one day and that is all that has been taken out of it. Mr. Cunningham gave me a bottle of fine cider to bring with me, and that I drank the same day when I stopped for dinner.

We overtook Chancellor Job Johnson, and with him I had a good deal of chat. He told me that Colonel Preston had had an attack of paralysis; whilst walking the streets he lost the use of his tongue and could not speak. He was instantly bled and has recovered, but is still apprehensive of a return.

I saw Colonel Martin this evening. He told me his family were all tolerably well. He said I looked very well. Mr. Burt is here; we sat together at dinner, Mrs. Burt is to join him in Charleston on the way to Washington. He inquired very kindly after you and the children, so did Colonel Martin after your mother and family. I have already met a great many of my old friends and acquaintances, but I have not time to say more about them at present.

I was disappointed in not hearing from you by Colonel Towns; he left the day after I did; says Earle's child is still sick. I hope you and the children are all well. How I should like to see you all to-night; just take a peep at you, Will, Anna and Frank. I am homesick already. You must write to me by every mail. It is likely I shall not be able to write you by the next mail. Kiss the children for me and give my love to your mother, Susan and Anne.

God bless you.

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Tuesday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—I did not receive your letter, written last Friday, till this morning. How it happened I know not. I went to the post office Monday morning and inquired for letters, but found none. Your letter should have reached here Sunday evening. I was very much gratified to hear from you, even the day after I left home.

For the last two days I have been constantly occupied in the Court of Appeals, and have made rapid progress in my cases. The cases of John Cunningham and Yancey were argued by Colonel Carroll and myself on Monday. General Whitner replied to our arguments this morning, and we both spoke in reply to him again. The result is unknown. I have strong hopes of succeeding in arresting the judgments. We shall hear the opinion of the Court delivered on Monday next. The case of Mrs. Mayront's Will was argued by me and Young yesterday. I do not know how it will be disposed of. My argument was said to be a very good one, and I hope has been successful. The case of Griffith, about the child in dispute between the father and mother, was argued by me and Colonel Towns on yesterday also. I think the child will be given to the father, for whom I am contending. Mr. Waddle's case was argued to-day by Henry and myself for Waddle, and by Young and Sullivan for Joyce and Cureton ; but we have had no intimation as to the result from the Court. Colonel Coleman's cases will be argued to-morrow or the next day. The case of McBee and others against Dr. Hoke, as Coroner, was argued to-day by Colonel Towns and myself and Mr. Young, but no decision given. The case of Collins, from Spartanburgh, will come up this week some time.

There is great electioneering for Judge. Frost, Whitner, Withers, Dargan, Caldwell and others, are all candidates. Who will be elected is doubtful. Some persons think the contest between Whitner and Frost.

I have purchased two beautiful silver cups for Anna and Frank, and had their names engraved on them, all for \$17.00. I gave all the watches and rings and breastpins to be mended, and they will be done in a day or two.

I had to buy me a new hat (\$6.00) to wear with my fine cloak, also a pair of gloves, etc.; a beautiful purse, \$1.00; a pocketbook for notes, \$2.00; "Spear's Reports," \$5.00. This is the extent of my purchases.

I have been so much engaged in Court that I have seen no one and conversed with no one; have not even been to the State House; not had time to speak to Mr. Pettigru, who is engaged in the other end of the Court House in the Court of Chancery.



I am glad to hear Dr. Robinson has sent you a barrel of flour. I was afraid he had forgotten it. My money is getting pretty scarce, and I shall have to break in upon my gold. If, however, you want any little matter, write to me and I will bring it up with me. I must look out for a present for Will. If I can see a suitable one for Anne and Susan, I will get one for each.

Mr. Burt admired my cloak very much, and has had him one made like it, or nearly so, to wear to Washington. If you were to see me wrapped up in it, you would hardly recognize your husband. You see, I must find something to fill up my letter with.

I am afraid Sam Earle's child is dangerous, as he has not yet arrived. How it would gratify me to see you and the children to-night before the little creatures are put to bed.

I do not know when I shall be able to return home. Colonel Towns speaks of going back on Sunday.

Good-night. God bless you.

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Friday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—I wrote you last night by mail, but will write you a few lines by Colonel Towns. He leaves in the morning and will go up in the stage, so you will receive two letters from me the same evening. This I am willing you should do, for the very acceptable one I had the pleasure of receiving from you this evening. Very acceptable, and was only disagreeable in informing me as to poor little Anna's burn. I am afraid it is more than you write, but how fortunate it was not a great deal worse. You cannot be too careful about the fire. Never let the children be alone by the fire, there is great danger. It would be horrible to have some accident of the kind to happen to them.

I am glad to hear you are getting on so well with the household. I was quite uneasy, not having heard from you by the last mail. You seem pleased with Delia's mother, and I have no doubt she is a good woman. I am glad she came up to see Delia.

I will take your advice and keep all my purchases to bring with me. I had a thought of sending them by Colonel Towns, but will not. I have sent by his wagon a box of oranges and pine apples (\$2.00 worth). You will send Anne and your mother half of them and give the servants some of them. The wagon will reach Greenville Tuesday or Wednesday.

The watches and rings and breastpins have all been done; the charge for your watch was \$4.00; your mother's and Susan's \$3.00 each. I

have bought you a beautiful gold key (\$2.00); the mending all the rings and breastpins, \$1.50. The watchmaker says all the watches will now keep time well, even Susan's little watch will do well. He is a very honest, faithful workman.

I have been engaged in Court all day to-day; argued Collins' case and Colonel Coleman's. I think I shall lose Collins' case but gain Colonel Coleman's. I will write Colonel Coleman a letter by Towns, if I have time. I rather think I shall gain Mr. <sup>John</sup>Cunningham's case and Waddle's, but these are mere conjectures from what Judge Butler told me in a jocular way this morning.

There are some little horses here with wheels for children to ride and push along, a sort of velocipede, price \$5.00. I have a strong notion to buy one for Will. Write me about it.

I have bought no books. Poor Cunningham, the bookseller, is dead and his book store shut up. He had just been on to the north and made a very large purchase of books. I knew him fifteen years since when he was very poor and ignorant. He had made a fortune and acquired a good deal of information, was married and had a family of children. His fate is a sad one.

Tell Will I have bought him a great many presents. I am glad you get on so well at night with the children all in one bed. You are very good in keeping the cot for me.

We have had dreadful weather for several days. This evening I waded through the streets and torrents of rain to the post office to get your letter. By accident I got in, the Postmaster was very civil and permitted me to remain whilst he was opening the mail, so I got your letter and one from Mrs. Towns for Colonel Towns.

I do not know when I shall be able to return yet. You must write me by the return mail. Give my love to your mother and sisters. Kiss the children for me and tell them to kiss you for me.

Good-night. God bless you.

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, Thursday night.

*My Dear Liz* :—I was very much disappointed in not hearing from you by the last mail. Mr. Earle came down, however, in the same stage and said he supposed you were all well, having heard nothing to the contrary; but I was sure you would have written to me between Friday and Monday night.

Mr. Ward, Colonel Dunton's <sup>ham</sup> clerk, went up in the stage this morning, and offered to carry anything I might wish to send up. I had already mailed a letter for you and had nothing further to write you. I thought of sending up the silver cups and some other little matters, but concluded to keep them until I returned myself. I went out to get some oranges, but could find none that were good. There are to be some in town this evening. I will bring some with me.

I have bought two beautiful dumb watches for Will and Anne (price \$1.00). I have also bought a beautiful musical instrument for Will, which he can play by blowing in it. I have bought for you a beautiful camera obscura in a beautiful mahogany box (price \$4.00). With it, you may take landscapes or copy anything. It may sit in the window and it reflects everything going on in the streets. I have also bought two very handsome pin-cushions made out of shells (price, 31 cents). You see I have made a great many purchases of great value. I will keep them all till I go up myself.

In Court I have not done anything since I wrote you last. Mr. Burt got the Judges to take up his business, which has occupied them yesterday and to-day. He leaves in the morning for Washington. I shall probably commence my business in Court again to-morrow.

I met Mr. Petigru yesterday and he exclaimed: "Why Perry, I never saw a man so much improved in my life. How well you look; you grow younger every time I see you." We had a long talk. He thinks very poorly of the candidates for Judge.

I visited the State House to-day for the first time; it has been most beautifully altered and fitted up since last Winter. Colonel Hunt has given directions and displayed great taste. I told him the Legislature ought to vote him their thanks. He said if they would vote him the money to pay for it, he would ask no more. It has cost \$12,000.

I visited the Governor this morning on business in his Executive office. He inquired how long I would stay and was very civil, and seemed to intimate that he would pay me further civilities, etc.

I have seen Colonel Memminger, Frost and a great many of the members to-day. They all seemed to meet me with great cordiality.

If Whitner is elected Judge, I think of running for Solicitor; but the election of Whitner is very doubtful.

Tell John I inquired after his son; he is out in the country. I sent the letter to his son's mother, and told them to tell Thomas when he came up to come and see me. So I find John has two wives, both living.

I hope you and the children are all well. I shall expect a letter from you to-morrow evening with great interest, and if I do not receive one, I shall be very uneasy and unhappy.



I have to write you the night before the mail is made up for Greenville. I have not time to write the same day.

Write me what you wish me to get for you.

My dear Liz, good-night.

B. F. PERRY.

P. S.—Since writing this letter, I have sold my railroad stock to A. R. Drayton, for \$960. He is to send me a draft for that amount on Monday next. I am glad to get rid of the stock. I have made something by it, and now will be able to pay all my debts.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., Tuesday evening.

*My Dear Liz:*—I have time to write you but a few lines. I have my hands full. I have been appointed on two committees to examine students and have to prepare some two or three hundred questions. I have also to prepare for an important case before the Legislature to-morrow.

I am getting tired of Columbia and wish to see you, the children and home very much. I will break off, as soon as possible, the first of next week.

The Court of Appeals delivered opinions to-day in all of my cases but two. I gained the case of McBee and Irvine and Hoke, and lost the cases of Waddle and Colonel Coleman; also Cunningham's case and Collins' case from Spartanburgh. John Cunningham is now here; he came down last night and the taverns were all full, he could get in nowhere and I had to take him in my room. He is sleeping on a pallet on the floor. He seems a good deal affected by his conviction.

I went to college yesterday and saw Bishop Gadsden; he came up and spoke to me, inquired about you and your mother, told me he had seen Mr. Pinckney, that he had fattened so he could not wear his old clothes. He was on his return to Pendleton. I suppose he is in Greenville by this time.

I saw Colonel Taylor the other day; he says his children are sick, Mrs. Taylor not very well.

I hope to receive a letter from you to-morrow.

I have received the money for my railroad stock, \$960. The stock has since fallen. I am delighted to be out of the scrape. I will now pay off Hoke, and if you consent, will get Cox & Markley to make me a handsome carriage, buy a match to my horse and henceforth keep a carriage and horses. I shall be able to pay for it. I will get one or two

hundred dollars out of the money in Hoke's hands for Henning's creditors. There must be several hundred dollars ready for me in Pickens, but more about this matter when I return home.

I have nothing now to write you except that I bought a dressing gown, price \$4.50. Nothing else since I wrote last.

I am, my dear wife, yours truly and devotedly. Good-night. It is now past eleven o'clock. Kiss the children. How is poor Anne's arm?

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sunday evening.

*My Dear Liz:*—I have been to church this morning like a good Christian, as I hope one day to be, and will now spend the evening in writing to you, like a good husband, as I hope you will grant me already to be. I am a good husband in all things, except that I will not sometimes yield my opinion to yours; but even in this you afterwards admit me to be right, and like a good wife (which I will vow you to be before any earthly tribunal), acknowledge yourself to be wrong.

I witnessed a very interesting spectacle in church this morning. Bishop Gadsden confirmed some forty or fifty members, and amongst them was Chancellor Harper. When I saw this venerable and venerated person approach the altar and bow <sup>himself</sup> amidst the youth and beauty which surrounded the Bishop, and when I thought of his high position in society, and the great genius and intellect with which he was endowed, and the danger in which he once stood of being a hopeless drunkard, I could but shed a tear of joy at what I believed to be his salvation, temporal and spiritual. There is a purity and simplicity of character about Chancellor Harper which I have always admired. If there be anything in the character of men which I admire above everything else, it is simplicity and frankness of character; they constitute what I term purity of character. These Chancellor Harper has in an eminent degree.

There were a great many confirmed to-day. Dr. Laborde was amongst them, also a daughter of Ben Taylor, and I think Mrs. Maturin, the wife of the gentleman who wishes to take charge of the Greenville Male Academy. Mr. Maturin called to see me the other day on the subject of the Greenville academies. He is an accomplished gentleman and scholar, speaks French, Italian, German, Spanish, Latin and Greek. He is a fine looking man and his wife is a most beautiful woman (if I am right in my conjecture). She was sitting with him. They have two children. He is about my age; she is young, but older than her appear-

ance would indicate, judging from the size of her son. I requested Maturin to write immediately to Dr. Crook. I think he would be an acquisition to Greenville. He is a lawyer and practiced some years in New York. He is the son of the Rev. Mr. Maturin, of Ireland, a distinguished author and scholar.

I saw Mrs. Hayne's eldest son, Alston, yesterday. He has come up to apply for admission to the Bar; said his mother and all friends were well, and inquired after you and your mother and sisters. He looks thin and pale as if he had been studying hard. He appears to be a very clever young man.

Colonel Ancrum and myself formed an acquaintance last night sitting together at the supper table. He asked me if I did not marry in Charleston, and said he knew you and your mother very well. I told him I had heard you speak of him and especially his sisters. He said his sisters were very intimate with your mother's family.

Judge Richardson stopped me yesterday in the street and paid me some handsome compliments for the able and learned arguments which I had been making in the Court of Appeals last week. He said he hoped I aspired to a seat on the Bench; that he felt concerned about it; that I ought to turn my attention in that direction. He said my arguments were admirable ones, well considered, well written and handsomely delivered.

It is now proposed to elect two Judges instead of one. If this proposition is carried, I think General Whitner's chance pretty good.

I hope to receive a letter from you this evening and will not close mine till to-morrow. The Commencement in College is to-morrow; no Court sitting to-morrow. I hope to be at home the first of next week, when I shall truly be overjoyed to meet you and the children, about whom I am constantly thinking. Adieu for the evening.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., December 11, 1844.

*My Dear Liz*.—I am quite unwell again and have not been able to go to church to-day. Mr. Boon, the Chinese Missionary, preaches in the Episcopal Church, and I should have been glad to hear him. It is said he has come back to get another wife, and intends returning to China as soon as this mission is accomplished. I have also understood that there is a Miss Elliot, a sister of Banard Elliot, who wishes to go to China, but does not care to go with Mr. Boon. He brought back with him two of the Chinese, who are a great curiosity.

*These last two letters belong to Second Series.*



I shall leave here on Tuesday morning and will be at home Thursday night. It seems to me that I have been a month from home, and I never was more anxious to see you and the children. It is altogether a mistake to suppose a man takes more pleasure in visiting a lady before than after marriage, or that he loves her more before she becomes the head of his family. My love for you has gone on increasing from the time I first saw you, and I never wished to see you more anxiously than I do at this moment. And the dear little children have grown in my affections. The last time I was in Columbia there were only two children for me to kiss on my return; now I have three, and perhaps next Winter we may have four. Dear little Frank, how is he? has he grown much? Poor little Anna, my favorite, how is her arm? Will is a noble little fellow, and some day will make a good man if not a great one. Greatness is of little consequence after all. This reminds me of what Colonel Martin told me about the death of Albert Rhett. He said that Rhett most bitterly lamented on his death-bed that he had thought so much of ambition and worldly honors, that they were the merest trash in the world. He deeply lamented that he had not encouraged his religious feelings some years since when he had them. He said that they had passed away. He desired to be placed on his knees in bed, and that he made the most fervent and eloquent prayer that ever came from the lips of man a few hours before his death.

I shall to-morrow hear the results of my other cases in the Court of Appeals, and also know what has been done with my case in the Legislature. This will leave me free from business and make me ready to leave for home. I must complete my shopping to-morrow also. I have purchased some lavender water for Anne, and also through a mistake I purchased some lavender oil, 37½ cents worth. I will bring some cocoanuts for Anne if I can, but I have no way to bring them except in the body of my buggy. My trunks will be full. I have bought very few books, "Borrow's Bible in Spain," and also his "Gypsies in Spain," also "D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation."

I hope to hear from you this evening when the Greenville mail comes in, but I am afraid I shall not.

John Cunningham left here this morning for Augusta. Some new difficulty has arisen between McGowen and Yancey. McGowen went on to challenge him. ~~He dissuaded~~ John from going—I said the difficulty would be settled. *Tried to*

I wrote Pamela a letter this morning saying that it would not be in my power to pass by Rosemont on my return home; that when I got off from here I could not stop on the road till I reached Greenville. It would delay me one or two days going by Mr. Cunningham's.

I am at a loss what sort of present to bring Susan and Anne, and I expect to bring none at all. I hate to make a present unless it is a valuable one, and I am not able to make that sort of one. I wish I was rich so that I might purchase anything I could desire and make you and all of my relations presents.

God bless you,

B. F. PERRY.

P. S.—My dear Liz, I thank you for your letter this evening. It was brought to me in my room after supper whilst several persons were present, and I told them as it was a letter from my wife, they must excuse me for opening it whilst they were present. I was truly glad to hear you were all well and anxiously look forward to Thursday evening when we shall all be together again. I will excuse you for not having written to me oftener. I know the children must trouble you a great deal and that you have your hands full.

Yours truly,

B. F. PERRY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sunday night, January 1st, 1845.

*My Dear Liz:*—We arrived here safely this evening, and I will write you a line before I go to bed.

The weather to-day was dreadful, sleeting and raining all day. Will stood the weather well and has behaved like a little man ever since he left home. He is the admiration of all who see him. Dr. Simms, of Union, Colonel Summer, of Newbery, and Captain Ward came down with us. Will drew from all of them merited compliments on his behavior and appearance. At one time, in the stage, he became a little excited by Colonel Summers, who plagued him about the girls. Will has manifested great curiosity at every thing he sees on the road, and really displays sense in his questions and remarks.

We had to get up at Newbery at three o'clock. I dressed first and then woke up Will and dressed him very easily. After getting here this evening I dressed and put a clean shirt on Will. He is now in bed and talking to me and telling me a great many things to write you, about the bridge, etc., also kiss Anna and Frank, and that they must kiss you for him. He reminded me just now about his not having said his prayers, and I told him to repeat them in bed. He is now talking to me about giants, etc.; he seems as merry as a cricket. His whole expenses to this place were 37½ cents, so he has cost me little or nothing yet.

At Laurens I received a bundle from Pamela to you, containing a dress and a letter; she wished you to have the dress dyed for her in

Charleston, and sent \$3.00. She supposed from what we said that there was no doubt of your going to town. I will attend to the request. She wrote pressing us to call on our return; said her company left on Thursday, the week after we left, and that she had been unwell ever since.

I was happy to find that no damage had been done by Yancey and Clingman. The papers speak in the highest terms of Yancey's conduct and deportment on the occasion. You will see what the *Courier* says. The *Mercury* praises highly his noble bearing and talents.

I am afraid we shall have a bad day to-morrow. Will has just been inquiring about the steam horse and railroad and has fallen to sleep. Colonel Summer says this trip will be worth six months schooling to Will. His observation and memory have astounded me. You remember I once told you about two white servant girls in this hotel. I did not know Will was present. This evening one of those girls was making up the beds and arranging the room when we came up. Will remembered every word I had told you, asked if this was the girl who cursed some gentleman, and where the other was; said he never had seen white servants before; wanted to know if they slept in the kitchen. At the supper table he inquired which was Mrs. Maylin, and said he had not yet seen Mr. Maylin. Whilst we were at the table and after the company had pretty well left, the white servants came and sat down. Will remarked that one was prettier than the other; he noticed, too, that a little girl behaved badly at table.

I am sorry that I cannot send Will up to see Mrs. Taylor and little William Taylor. I take great pride in showing him off now, and I form a higher estimate of his mind as we become more familiar, and also of his disposition and manners. He is an uncommon boy, worthy in every way of his parents, inheriting their beauty, manliness and sweetness, talents and goodness.

I hope you and the other two little creatures are well. You must write me often. I will write you whenever I can. To-night I have no ink, and have to put my pen in the inkstand every two or three words.

Jim has just brought me a bundle of my speeches neatly folded up and sent me from the *Chronicle* office. I undid the bundle thinking it was one Mr. Taylor had left at the bar for me during the session.

My ink is so bad I must stop. Good-night. It is eight o'clock and Will is sleeping finely. I will join him. We have to get up by half-past five, the cars leave half-past six. Kiss the children for me.

Your affectionate and loving husband,

B. F. PERRY.

NOTE.—Will was five and a half years old when he made the visit to Charleston, alluded to in these three letters.



CHARLESTON, S. C., January 23, 1845.

*My Dear Liz* :—I wrote you a letter in Columbia, and I knew you would see our arrival announced in the Charleston *Courier*. I have therefore delayed writing until Will had seen his kinspeople. Your aunt, Mrs. Wm. Ed. Hayne, also informed me that she had written to your mother. But I did intend writing this evening in time for it to reach you Sunday night. This I am disappointed in, I am afraid, although the mail does not leave till nine in the morning.

I woke Will up in Columbia at half past five and we started on the railroad at half past six. There were very few passengers in the car and we had quite a pleasant trip. Will was all wonder and astonishment at the railroad, steam car, etc. Colonel Hampton got into the car at his plantation and went with us to Charleston. He was much pleased with Will and showed him great attention, took him in his lap and pointed out all the curiosities and wonders, and had a good deal of conversation with him. The morning after our arrival, I carried Will down to your aunt, Mrs. Wm. Ed. Hayne; they were much pleased with him and insisted on his staying with them. He went to see the most of his relations. The next morning I called to see him and the little fellow burst into tears and sobbed as if he was in great distress. He refused to be separated from me any more. I had to walk with him to your aunt's in Meeting Street. In the evening I went down and took him to the theatre and he staid there until near twelve o'clock in the night. You may know he was delighted. In the theatre we met Mr. Fred Rutledge, Mr. Blake and Colonel De Treville, who all admired and noticed Will very kindly. This morning I carried him down to the bay and on board of two ships and showed him the ocean. Mr. Samuel Earle was with us. I dined with your Aunt Eliza Will and Susan and myself went to see Mrs. Turnbull and Aunt Martha and the Miss Haynes. They all seem to admire Will, and Mrs. Turnbull asked if I would be willing to leave Will until June. Will came home with me, and is now lying in bed and has been talking all the time I have been writing.

I looked over your mother's papers this morning and found them all correct. There is \$143.00 interest due on Nonel's bond, which I did not know of in Greenville. I have received \$30.00 in bank dividends. I will get William Edward and Alston Hayne to attend to your mother's business.

I have not done much shopping yet. I purchased a piece of carpet at \$1.23 per yard; 38 yards red and green Venetian, very beautiful and exceedingly rich deep colors. Thick rugs like the one you bought of Nicol, are \$12.00. I bought of Calder, formerly Moffet & Calder, on

King Henry Street. Calder told me he sold you carpeting before. I have bought a few old books. Eliza is executing your commissions.

Yesterday I argued my case in Court, but do not know the result. It is said it will be referred to the Court of Errors.

To-morrow I dine with Mr. Yeadon, and the next day with Judge King, at whose house all the Judges are to dine. Mr. Petigru seemed delighted to see me, and inquired how long I was going to stay, and intimated that he intended to see me before he left the city.

To-night it is raining or I should have carried Will to the circus.

I do not know exactly when I can leave the city, perhaps not before Friday, to-morrow week. I must either leave on next Tuesday or stay till Friday. It would not be worth while to start on any other day, as I would not meet the stage in Columbia.

This may be the last letter I shall have the opportunity of writing to you before I leave Charleston. I really have had my hands full since I have been here, between the Courts, Will, your relations, my acquaintances, your shopping, etc., etc.; a great deal more so than I had in Columbia. In addition to all that, I had the letters and money to deliver sent by me, and in doing this I had to run all over town. Then there is your mother's interest to look to.

I hope you and the children are quite well and doing well. Your relations inquire after you and the children very kindly, and say Will looks like you, like your father, etc.

Kiss the children for me. Will behaves well. God bless you.

Yours, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Saturday, January 28th, 1845, 9 P. M.

*My Dear Liz*:—I have just returned from a very large and most magnificent dinner party at Judge King's. All the Judges were present, also Mr. Petigru and Colonel Preston and General Harlee. Mrs. King, Mrs. Henry King and Miss King were present likewise. I never saw a more superb dinner party in my life; but I will not attempt a description. I enjoyed myself remarkably well, seated between Mr. and Mrs. Henry King and opposite Judge O'Neal and Mr. Pettigru. I left half after eight and went to Mrs. Hayne's for Will, but he had gone to bed and so I did not disturb him. He seems unwilling to stay from me and has become more affectionate than ever. The first thing he says in the morning is: "I want to sleep with you to-night, Papa." When I leave

him in the morning at your Aunt Eliza's, he takes a cry and comes to tell me good-bye again. He is a most affectionate little fellow, and the admiration of all his relations and friends. Colonel Martin told me in the presence of Mrs. Hayne, that he had written to Mrs. Martin that no arrival in Charleston this Winter had caused so great a sensation as that of Willie, and your Aunt Eliza said he was the lion of the day.

I received your letter yesterday and was glad to hear you were all well. Your commission in regard to sugar I have executed and more than executed. I have purchased 260 pounds of brown sugar and 118 pounds of loaf sugar; the brown sugar at seven cents, and very good, do to sweeten our own coffee, and the loaf at twelve cents. Your mother's wine was \$1.00 per gallon and her candles twelve cents. Eliza has purchased all you wrote for with \$10.00. In the carpet, I have already done as you desired; a good one, bright colors and no white about it. *v lww*

I have made a great purchase of books—rare old ones, ~~love~~ and miscellaneous—very cheap. The slippers are made beautifully and fit nicely, look well and are admired by those who see them.

I dined with Yeadon yesterday. He lives in superb style and gave us a sumptuous entertainment. He gave the dinner to me. At the dinner was Bryant, who said to me, on being introduced, that my name was very familiar to him, and thanked me for my speech in favor of the Electoral Bill.

I met Alfred Huger this morning, who told me he approved of my course on the \*Hoar question, and that Judge Huger did also.

Will has had a great many toys presented to him. Your friends and my friends inquire after you very kindly, and your relations express a great wish to see you.

I am to go down early in the morning to go to church with Will and Eliza and Susan. I am to dine with your Aunt Eliza. I think highly of her and her family. She is a woman who possesses a congenial spirit with myself. I have not yet seen your Aunt <sup>W</sup>Benton and Mrs. William Hayne.

It is now growing late and I must bid you good-night.

God bless you and the children.

B. F. PERRY.

Sunday morning.

I have nothing more to add. The weather has been pretty good. Will and myself quite well. Will is delighted with Charleston, and told

\*Singly and alone he cast a vote *not to expel* Hoar from the State of S. Carolina who was sent by Mass., etc.—*Hext*.



Judge Butler yesterday morning that he did not want to go back to Greenville then. He woke me up the other night by clasping his little arms around my neck and hugging me ; another morning in bed he commenced crying and said he was thinking of home, but it passed off in a minute. You never saw a little fellow better satisfied or better behaved.

My case in Court has been referred to the Court of Errors, and will have to be argued over again next Spring in Columbia, so my trip to town has not expedited the suit at all.

I will endeavor to collect what is due your mother on Monday. It will be more than I supposed, but the insurance and taxes will have to be paid out of it.

Kiss the children for me.

B. F. PERRY.

## Extracts from Governor Perry's Journal.

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JULY 5th, 1837.—The 27th of April, I was married to Miss Elizabeth Frances McCall, the niece of General Robert Y. Hayne. Her father, Hext McCall, was a promising lawyer, who died quite young. We were married in Charleston, her native place. The ceremony was performed at her home, by Rev. M<sup>r</sup>. Speer—her minister, Rev. Barnwell, being absent. Her relatives principally were present. The second day after, we left on the train for Aiken, and from there in Judge Earle's carriage to Greenville. On our arrival, a great many persons called to see us, and we were honored with a ball. We occupy pleasant rooms at the Mansion House, where we will remain until our own house is finished. Since our marriage my time has been most agreeably spent in the company of my wife. When not in my office, I am with her. I read to her while she works, and in the afternoon we take a walk or pay a visit. In this way I have read to my wife since our marriage a good many of Miss Edgeworth's Tales, a portion of Virgil, Milton's Works, Pope's Rape of the Lock and Essay on Man, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, Pelham, Great Metropolis, House of Lords, House of Commons, Conversations of Lady Blessington with Lord Byron, etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

JUNE 26th.—I went to Laurens Court of Equity, was two days absent from my wife, the first time I had left her. On my return I thought she looked more beautiful than I had ever seen her. Oh! the pleasure of returning home when there is a *wife* at that home to greet you.

JULY 7th, 1837.—We did not attend the 4th of July Ball, nor did I go to the public dinner. Lizzy did not wish to attend. We have declined several invitations to private parties. I am happy to find that my dear wife is not like some ladies—never happy only when she is in a crowd. If there be happiness in this life, it must be found at home. If there be real enjoyment it must be in each other's society. As soon as a married couple begin to look abroad or in company for pleasure, their happiness is gone.

I have not been so far disappointed in my anticipations of the pleasure and happiness of a married life. It is the *natural* state of man if I might be allowed to use such an expression. The greater part of the world enter into it, and therefore it must be the most agreeable. As yet I have experienced none of the cares and disappointments of a wedded life. Judging from what I know and see, I confidently anticipate a life of domestic happiness.

The following is now a candid description of my wife; it is not written with the blind zeal of a lover, but in the candor and frankness of my nature. She is now eighteen years old, of the ordinary height, and weighs about one hundred pounds; her person is slender and well proportioned, her figure good. She has light auburn hair, blue eyes, fair and most beautiful complexion, the bloom of perfect health always to be seen on her cheeks. Her features are of the Grecian cast, small and delicate, her forehead high and well turned, the nose, mouth and chin as beautiful as can well be imagined. There is a slight defect in the appearance of the upper eyelid and brow, except when in conversation, which gives that part of the face rather a pensive look. The contour of the face is lovely, and she would be regarded beautiful in any assemblage of ladies. In her disposition she has softness and perfect amiability. There is no danger of unhappi-

ness from that source. Her nature is kind and affectionate. She is remarkably particular and attentive to her dress, and always dresses with great neatness and simplicity. In her dress there is no effort at gaudy show and extravagance. Her hair is worn in curls down her neck, and requires great particularity in keeping it properly. But on this subject she is too particular, more attention being paid to her hair than is necessary. This fault will be cured with age, as I believe all of her faults will be. Her mind is good, and may be characterized by good sense and a quickness of perception. She has a retentive memory and recollects well all that she reads or that I read to her. Her mind has been pretty well cultivated, though she left school at too early a period—fourteen! She was educated in New Haven, *thoroughly*, and on her return to Charleston, continued her education at *home*. Her manners are pleasant and easy. In conversation she is modest and unassuming, and in the presence of many persons has but little to say, but in conversation with *one person* always lively and animated. Her voice is one of the sweetest and softest I *ever heard*. This expression is made too in honest candor. She sings and plays on the guitar most charmingly, though I have but little soul for music. I believe her turn of mind is inclined towards industry and activity. She has an active mind, a mind that must have employment. I said something about her faults. If she has any (and human nature is not perfect), they are the faults of a girl of eighteen and will be corrected by age and experience.

Since our marriage we have been constantly engaged in reading. It is my wish to continue it. I wish to read to her all the books which I read myself. And by this means we will improve together. I am now engaged in reading to her. At present we have more leisure than it is probable we shall have in after life. When we go to housekeeping, there will come the cares of a house, next a family of children, and then farewell to leisure time, or time for reading or improvement.

JULY 9th, 1837.—In the foregoing remarks I endeavored to give a sketch of the person, character and manners of my wife. This sketch is badly drawn, for it was done in great haste and without a moment's consideration. I will now give an impartial likeness of myself.

I am thirty-one years old, six feet two inches and one-half high, and weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds. My person is slender and erect, well proportioned and formed for health and activity, my features are prominent and manly though not handsome, hazel eyes, long nose, high forehead, thin lips, and a good chin. My complexion is rather fair and wants color, though of a healthy appearance. I usually wear whiskers which always become a long face like mine. In my manners I am plain and unstudied. There is nothing affected in my appearance; no one scorns so much as I do any thing approaching to affectation, and no one admires more than I do the simplicity of nature, modesty and unassuming manners. In company I am generally pleasant and talkative. When interested I flatter myself that I converse pretty well. The characteristics of my mind are good sense and sober prudent judgment. My memory is not very retentive. Whilst at school I learnt very fast and could memorize with great rapidity, but I soon forgot what I had thus quickly committed to memory. I have very little imagination, and not the least turn for poetry or music. But I am a great admirer of Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Moore, Homer and Virgil. I have read those immortal poets with intense interest and admiration. I have from the time I was fifteen years old been a very hard student, and few persons have read more within the last fifteen years than myself. My reading has extended to every branch of literature and science. The great fault is that my reading has been without method. History, Biography, Natural Philosophy are my favorite studies, especially the two first.

By nature I am passionate and high tempered, but I have through life endeavored to curb my disposition. I am quick in my resentments and equally quick in forgetting and forgiving an injury. Little things very often irritate and provoke me more than they ought. I am peculiarly



sensitive on most things, and there is no one more tenacious of his rights and honor. In my feelings and affections I am warm-hearted, generous and confiding. I think that I have always been both in words, thoughts and deeds, liberal, kind and humane. I have a heart which loves with prodigality approaching to wildness.

In my morals I have nothing to reproach myself for. There are very few young men whose lives have been so blameless in this respect as my own. It has been a rule with me never to deviate from the *strictest veracity in all things*. From deception and flattery I have ever been free. Intoxication, gambling and dissipation I have never known.

[NOTE.—The above description does not do my father justice either as to his character, manner, mind or appearance. After *happiness* fell to his lot, he improved in every respect, he grew stouter, and became one of the noblest men in appearance a good Providence created; in manners he was gifted, his memory was more retentive than he suspected, as his writings prove. His friends often remarked to him that he improved every time they saw him. He looked as Saul did, superior to all around him. His majestic, grand appearance truly represented the noble nature he was endowed with. "We ne'er shall see his like again." He was the *most unselfish patriot* that ever lived. He would have gladly died for his country to save her from ruin and degradation.—*Hext.*]

AUGUST 13th, 1843.—I had my head examined phrenologically the other day by Dr. Crane, a man of Science and Professor of Phrenology. He gave my character entirely and perfectly, although a stranger; I had never seen him or he heard of me before. It seemed like unlocking to me my bosom. He said my organ of *Amativeness* was large, and that I was passionately fond of the other sex—delighted in the company of ladies. This is very true and my whole life has shown it. Before I was married I was very much in the company of ladies and a great admirer of them. He said my organ of *Philoprogenitiveness* was large. I had strong parental feelings and great solicitude for the happiness of my children, but did not make *all* children pets or playthings as some did. It is entirely true, until I had children of my own I cared very little about them. My love for children is mostly confined to my own children—it is a strong parental feeling, and no one has it stronger than myself. He said my *Inhabitiveness* was strong and large, that I was fond of homestead and early reminiscences of home and boyhood; this is true. He said I had strong and unalterable affections when once placed. My feelings are very strong for my friends and hard to be shaken. He said my *Combative*ness was large, which gave me indomitable perseverance, great courage and ability to overpower. That I have perseverance very high, my life proves, or I should not have been what I am; that I have courage enough to fight is true, but he said I had more moral courage than animal courage. I have always said so. I do not love to fight or take pleasure in any such excitement as some men do, but let me suppose that my honor has been infringed and none will fly to arms quicker. He said my organ of *Destructiveness* was moderate, had ability to control the passions and not disposed to extreme measures, that I could not willingly inflict pain. This is true—to see anything suffering in pain, is very torturing to my feelings. I can control my feelings and passions. He said my *Secretiveness* was full, which gave me a proper reserve and prudent expression without deceitfulness. This is true, I am prudent and reserved, but I hope without deceitfulness. He said my organ of *Acquisitiveness* was full, that I was frugal and industrious, and loved money for what it would buy and not for its own sake, that I never would be a rich man, and had none of the miserly feeling, that I liked to spend money too well; this my whole life has proven. He said I had a strong relish for food; that I would view the approach of death with firmness, that I would prepare for danger at a distance and meet it firmly; that in danger I would have presence of mind, at a house burning would act more coolly and be more collected than most persons, that I would

endure pain and would not complain on a sick bed. This is all true; when my leg was broken into fragments in 1835, I never uttered a complaint, but bore it with firmness and fortitude, and I do prepare for danger at a distance. I am cool and collected in the midst of danger and have shown it lately at a house burning. I meet danger with indifference when I know it is certain and inevitable. He told me I wanted tune and colors. It is true I cannot distinguish colors well, and as to tune, not at all; and yet he said I admired paintings and liked music; this is true. He said I had the organ of *Conscientiousness* more strongly developed than in any head he had ever examined before but one. He said the organ of *Veneration* was strongly developed, that I had an intense admiration for all that was good and great. He said my head was a fine one, such as phrenologists would greatly admire, and a good deal more he said. He gave me a chart which I refer to, and will stop.





Letter from John M. Lea, President of the Tennessee Historical Society, ex-Judge Supreme Court of Tennessee.

[This beautiful and appreciative letter was received after this book was prepared for publication, but to please my mother, who values it more than words can express, and who has asked me to insert it in this book, though irrelevant to it, I have complied with her wish. Such letters encourage my mother in the noble work she has undertaken to make my father's *grand character* known to his descendants, and to preserve his memory to future generations as an example of all that was good and great in human nature. The book alluded to by Judge Lea is the third series (though marked second) of *Reminiscences*, etc., written by my father.]

HEXT McCALL PERRY.

CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, MONT EAGLE, AUG. 20, 1889.

MRS. B. F. PERRY.

*Dear Madame:*—I am under renewed obligations to you for sending to me the speeches of your late most eminent and patriotic husband. You have, indeed, Madame, conferred both a favor and a benefit upon your country and upon posterity by your labor of undying and devoted affection in placing in permanent form the utterances in public affairs of a statesman and a patriot. The several volumes constitute a mass of most valuable information, much of it not elsewhere to be readily found, the biographical essays being full of pleasing incidents, all told in an admirable style, and in every line, *the truth being strictly adhered to*, there is exhibited a loftiness of spirit most creditable to the author. I do not use language merely to please when I say that, in my opinion, these volumes constitute a valuable and *permanent* contribution to the political and biographical literature of our country, that they are destined to live, and will be read, referred to, and admired by the generations that will succeed.

It is pleasant to me to know, in reference to Warren R. Davis' poetry, that the correctness of my youthful taste is confirmed by the opinion of Governor Perry, who seemed anxious to gather the fugitive pieces which flowed from the pen of that gifted man. I learned this summer that there was in the Vanderbilt Library a complete set of the Southern Literary Messenger, and, if that is so, I am about sure I can find the verses of which I have been in search. Should I find the poetry, I will send a copy to you. Mrs. President Polk, who well recollects Mr. Davis, told me that he once inscribed a few lines to her, but that she had lost the manuscript.

I note and thank you for the compliment implied in the request that I should write a review of these volumes. The infirmity of age is upon me, and I seldom use the pen, but when circumstances force me to speak, as sometimes happens in questions that come up before the Historical Society, I have on more than one occasion referred to the writings of Governor Perry in such terms as I thought they deserved, and if I thought that a more extended circulation could be given by a regular review, I should not hesitate to undergo the labor. The volume embraces *divine subjects*, *divi* and a general expression of excellence as to the manner in which the work is done appears to me the best and highest commentary. That, my dear Madame, has been accomplished by the numerous testimonials which have been addressed to you. Likely during the approaching winter an occasion may, and doubtless will arise—a discussion of the Winning of the West will bring it up—when I shall avail myself of the opportunity to speak of the life and character of Governor Perry, of the great services he rendered, and of the greater services he would have rendered had his wise admonitions been heeded.

Allow me to say that my admiration for woman has been confirmed and strengthened by the devotion you have exhibited for the memory of your most excellent husband, who, indeed, was worthy of it; but that does not in the least degree lessen the admiration with which all eyes must look upon such a noble picture of imperishable affection.

With sincere regard,

Your friend,

JOHN M. LEA.

"She was his life ;  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts—  
Which terminated all."











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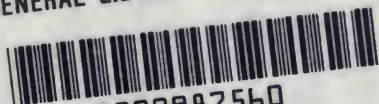
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